



HUSTILER.

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 3

september

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On the cover of the July 1986 issue I'm sure many will complain about the peel-off labels on Janette's tits. Whatever argument they choose to bitch about, it was worth the effort. How many covergirls do you get to undress? If that is what it takes to get lovely nipples on the cover, my fingers await the next issue.

Let me also say that your choice for the Beaver Hunt Contest Winner in the July issue was perfect. I was glad to see more of Sue. When I first laid eyes on her in the May '86 issue, it was instant fantasy time. I'm sure her picture has been used for masturbation lots of times by many people (ladies as well as the guys). One thing that really turns me on is road maps (tan lines for those not in the know). Road maps to me are much more erotic than an evenly tanned body!

As for your June issue, I must say bravo! Patinette: French Kiss was a great spread. Also, the Golden Shower layout was very stimulating—and bold. I would also like to say that while other publications choose to use a cheaper grade of paper, HUSTLER remains in the "upper class." You are the best, and none are close to second.

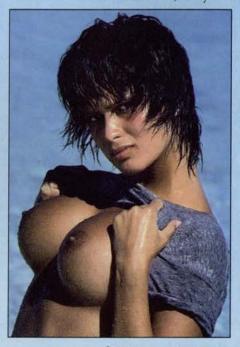
—D. W.

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

BEAVER HUNTER:

I was just about to write to HUSTLER about the June '86 issue and Patinette: French Kiss when I found your July issue on the stands. Speaking as a muff-diving freak, your July Beaver Hunt proved to be a bumper crop. The first three pages are all perfect 10s, but Tamara and Tina are too much. That is some fine-looking pussy. I wouldn't mind supplying the meat for that sandwich. Angel, Joanna, Ann, Peaches, Lori and Iilandia are also responsible for the death of a couple of billion sperm. Thank you, ladies. –M. D. Colonia, New Jersey

chair by what I think is Vanessa Del Rio's beaver on page 76 (Behind the Scenes: The Dark Brothers' "Devil in Miss Jones"). What a clit! Is this for real, or is this a joke? I can't believe it-wow! I also think that the greatest-looking beaver I ever saw was in your June issue: Patinette: French Kiss. Have you ever seen such a beautiful pussy in all of your life? I mean, look at the furburger! I can't believe that anyone in America hadn't discovered her until now. Congratulations on being the first to show her in all her glory, as well as being the first magazine to offer the American male a look at what a real beaver looks like. From now on, all beavers should be judged by Patinette's. -M. M. Baltimore, Maryland



Janette

I've been buying men's magazines for 16 years. I've subscribed to HUSTLER and others before, but there were times when whole issues failed to excite me. Now I only buy after reviewing them. I like lithesome bodies under strong sunlight, showing flawless skin, feet, soles, toes and, naturally, open pussies, and all in sharp focus.

Your recent issues have convinced me that you've got the right idea. Jill & Becky: Damn the Torpedoes in your June '86 issue typify the look, as well as Shelly in the June issue of your sister magazine CHIC. Patinette is devastating. That openpussy shot is the best and correct way to show it, with large and small lips spread but not blocked from view, clitoris emerging from the hood, and the peehole visible. If only this shot had been taken under a noon sun. Give me more of this, and I'll keep buying. Better still, at least one shot like this for every model in every issue.

-F. C. San Francisco, California

Billie: Fruit of Her Loins (May '86) has got to be one of the most beautiful ladies in the world. From her head down to her toes, Billie will give any guy a hard dick. HUSTLER, have you had any suggestions about putting her in a photo-spread with a male? Please think about this.

The cover of your June '86 issue is a treat indeed. The way the sexy covergirl stood and let the water fall onto her body was breathtaking. I also liked the continuation inside in the *Golden Shower* feature.

The lady was beautiful, and I loved the way the guy fucked her and poured the wine into her pussy. Thanks, HUSTLER.

-R. H. Cheneyville, Louisiana

BONE-BUILDING ARTICLE:

I would like to thank you from the bottom of my dick for your most inspirational article, An End to Impotence: Modern Penile Implants (June '86). After I read it, I now realize that I will be an even larger head of a household. Furthermore, I find your magazine to be the most disgusting piece of filth that mankind has ever dreamed of. You have the worst jokes and the most tasteless humor that a person just can't help but laugh at. After looking at Beaver Hunt, I find that one of your Beavers must have had her boyfriend sail an ocean liner through her channel. As I am a concerned consumer, I would even pay double for your magazine. Keep up the good work. -Two Stroke East Syracuse, New York

A HAND ON THE ROAD:

I recently stayed at a motel in a straightlaced town in Oregon, wishing I had a HUSTLER to pass the time. Knowing I couldn't even hope to find a *Playboy* at the nearby 7-Eleven, I started rummaging around the room and, lo and behold, I found a mint-condition HUSTLER (May '86) tucked under the phone book! My heartfelt thanks go out to the person who helped salvage a boring stay in a boring town. Naturally, I left the mag for the next guy.

—P. P.

Fairfield, California

THE ADULT CHOICE:

I like your new HUSTLER Magazine. According to your *Feedback* section, some people don't. I do. I still find my favorite feature (*Beaver Hunt*) along with *HUSTLER Humor*, adult-movie reviews, *Bits and Pieces*, plus all those wonderful ladies. I can only speak for myself, but I think you've done a bang-up job making the ol' HUSTLER a much better publication.

-B. P. Des Moines, Iowa

I wish to thank you for your magazine. It is my opinion that there is nothing wrong with sex. People should be able to have the right to sell, buy or read whatever they choose. It is this type of activity, sexual intercourse, which brings life into the world. I think the people who criticize our sexual revolution haven't experienced what sex, on a broader basis, really is. I could look at one of your magazines or go to an X-rated movie and be in total control of myself. Keep on doing what you're doing.

—C. E.

Indianapolis, Indiana



"So, Dad, what do you think of my new boyfriend?"

COLLINS KUDOS:

Of the many reasons why I buy your magazine, I think your humor tops the list. I am especially fond of your cartoonist Dan Collins. It is extremely rare when I laugh out loud at a cartoon, but in the case of Mr. Collins's work, I find myself doing this often. He just seems to know where my funnybone is. I truly think he is a genius of comedic art and thought. Please give me any information you can provide about him. Also let me know if he has had any books of his cartoons published.

—I. W.

Maple Shade, New Jersey

Dan, who lives in a small town in Ohio, has not had any books of cartoons published, but his work will be featured in our forthcoming special, BEST OF HUSTLER CARTOONS.

FUNNY BUSINESS:

I'd just like to say to Michael T. from Kentucky ("No Yuks African Cartoons," April '86), go fuck yourself, pal. If you don't like the cartoons, don't look at them. Do white people write when some of HUSTLER's cartoons are about them? Plus, 90% of the cartoons are about white people, or can't you see that, you stupid ass?!

—Vinny D.

Adult Correctional Institution Cranston, Rhode Island

I'm responding to Dave from Santa Barbara's letter in the May '86 Feedback (Cartoon Cuts & Cheers"). In it he wrote: "I wish you would wake up to the fact you are severely compromising the quality of your magazine with your constant, tasteless 'humor.' . . . It's just a shame you ruin your image by combining blood, death, rape, shit and generally vile comics with the beauty and hot lust."

Fuck Dave! The sick humor makes the magazine. I get sick of seeing your trashy models pull open their vaginas for the camera. Your lesbian and gay coverage disgusts me as well. And some of the fat slobs, pregnant and over-50 centerfolds have also made me cringe. But I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER for years now, mostly because of the outrageous and irreverent humor.

Tinsley, Trosley, Cheney, Collins and your other cartoonists are right on top of what goes on in our sick society. Just to prove my point—though it probably wasn't meant to be funny—the 61-year-old *Beaver Hunt* participant from Circleville, Ohio, was sick. Your intended humor was right on time though. Anyone in touch with reality can appreciate the creativity, originality and professionalism of your cartoonists.

Your magazine is a direct reflection of our society. There are a lot of sickies out (continued on page 26)

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER

HOW PORNOGRAPHY CAUSES CRIME!

A. MAN BUYS PORNOGRAPHIC'S



B. MAN MASTURBATES (BEATS OFF).



C. MAN SLIPS AND FALLS TO HIS DEATH!



D. PORNOGRAPHIC" PUBLISHER IS ARRESTED FOR MURDER!



To be good or to be naughty? To be a guy or a gal? These are but two of the unusual guestions posed by VCA's decidedly different releases for October, SHE'S SO FINE and PASSAGE THRU PAMELA. Each is hot, each is unique, and each is quaranteed to raise more than just your eyebrows.



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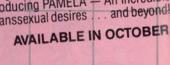
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HEAVY SURVEILLANCE

I'm a 26-year-old security guard in a large department store in Detroit. I like my job. It's interesting, challenging and gives me the opportunity to meet lots of pretty girls. I've dated and bedded quite a few of the foxy salesclerks who work here, but my most memorable sexual encounter took place with a customer.

I was working in the lingerie section of the store a month ago. It was a slow day, and to pass the time I flirted with a very attractive older woman. I later found out she was 40.

She wore her straight blond hair down around her shoulders and had on a form-fitting black dress. And what a form it fit! Her breasts weren't very large, but they were quite shapely, and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. Her slim, supple legs were encased in black fishnet hose, and she wore black pumps on her feet. She was sensational—and she knew it.

She was looking at some see-through nighties. Every so often she'd glance my way and wink. My cock started getting hard. Finally, she shot me a look that would melt ice and headed for the dressing room with the sheerest nightgown we sell tucked under her arm. I took a chance and followed her in. It would mean my job if I got caught, but I couldn't pass up a chance like this. I stepped through the curtained partition of the dressing room and was greeted with a ravishing sight. There she stood, her firm body garbed in the see-through nightgown and nothing else. I could see everything, and my prick sprang to attention. She stared at me boldly.

"Do you like it?" she breathed.

I was out of my clothes and into her arms in seconds. She gasped when my giant boner rubbed up against her pussy through the silky fabric. I stifled her moans with a hot kiss, penetrating her oral cavity with my searching tongue, tasting her as my hands traveled to those firm, beautiful breasts.

I slid the nightgown off her shoulders

and let it fall to the floor. I cupped her breasts, gently kneading the flesh. She bit into my tongue and grabbed my pole, massaging it with her hot hands. I stuck a finger into her dripping snatch. This woman was incredibly hot and horny. I knew she was married by the diamond ring on her finger, and I wondered when her husband had last poked her. Then she stuck a finger into my anus, and suddenly I didn't care. I lifted her in my arms and inserted my throbbing erection into



her steaming, creaming gash. I pushed her against the dressing-room wall and started pumping in and out slowly, making her squirm with pleasure. She threw her legs around me as I impaled her again and again.

She was sobbing with lust, her chest heaving. I lowered my head and took a nipple into my mouth. I sucked it like a newborn baby. By this time I was really slamming into her. Short, sharp strokes had her writhing in ecstasy. She started to cry out as she came; so I cut her off with another burning kiss. I pounded her sweet cunt until I spasmed, sending a special-delivery of hot cum deep between her legs.

I pulled out of her, and she collapsed

on the floor, breathing heavily. I thought she'd had enough, but she surprised me by reaching up and grabbing my now-semihard pecker. She lay spread-eagled on the floor as she pulled me down on top of her. She guided my penile projectile into her warm, wet mouth, and I slowly face-fucked her. She took me in all the way down to my balls. I instantly got another erection as she sucked on my shaft with wild abandon.

I wanted to taste her sweet snatch; so I swung my body around until we were in a 69. I split her pussy lips with my tongue and shoved it in. She was well-lubed, and her cunt juice was like nectar. The sensation of my tongue deep in her sushi while my hard cock was being gnawed on by this beautiful babe was indescribable. She came several times, thrusting her hips wildly with each orgasm as I lapped up her juices. I held my own orgasm back until I couldn't take anymore. I finally let go and nearly swooned with pleasure as she greedily sucked my thick cream into her throat.

We'd been going at it for quite a while; so I figured it was high time we got dressed and out of there before we got

We quickly donned our clothes and returned to the floor, but not before she slipped me her address and phone number on a piece of paper. We've gotten together at least three times a week since that day, and I've put my big dick into her body every way you can think of. We usually make it in her home while her husband is at work, but sometimes we return to our dressing room for that extraspecial thrill.

—A. H.

Detroit, Michigan

BIRTHDAY BANGIN'

I'm a 20-year-old U.S. Army private stationed in West Berlin. Although it's hard to get HUSTLER Magazine here, I haven't missed an issue yet. Last Saturday I had a lifelong fantasy come true that I'd like to share.

As I munched Anna's snatch, Sheila sucked my cock with her expert mouth.

It was my birthday; so I decided to go out and celebrate. My first stop was a bar called Charlie's. I was sitting by myself in a corner booth nursing a beer when a good-looking blonde sat down at my table. In a thick German accent she told me that her name was Sheila and that she'd had her eyes on me all evening. She was about 20, stood a stunning 5-10 and was the proud owner of the finest set of tits I'd ever seen. High and round, they pushed against the fabric of her blouse, begging to be released.

I bought her a drink while feeding her the usual small talk and jive. After about an hour we were joined at the table by Anna, one of Sheila's girlfriends. Anna was a cute brunette with pert, small breasts and a shapely and inviting ass. Happy to have two such lovely babes to help me celebrate, I kept the drinks coming, and we proceeded to get really

buzzed.

Without any warning, I felt Sheila snake her hands into my lap and undo my belt and zipper. A moment later she boldly stuck her head under the table and sucked my stiff cock into her mouth. Although the bar was crowded, the lights were so low that no one could tell what was going on. Anna continued to talk to me as Sheila licked and sucked my throbbing bone. Soon Sheila was bobbing up and down on my swollen shaft, and I felt the semen rising in my balls. Just as I was about to come, she stopped, stuffed my frustrated cock back in my pants and sat up as if nothing had happened. I felt restless, and my blue balls began to throb, but I decided to stay cool and see what this German strudel had in mind.

When we'd finished our drinks, Sheila and Anna wanted to leave; so I walked them home. They invited me in for a nightcap and, as I followed Sheila into her apartment, she whirled around and planted a wet kiss on my mouth. Her hands roamed all over my body, and I felt Anna's tits pressing into my back as she hugged and squeezed the three of us together into a standing sandwich. The girls led me into the bedroom and began undressing me.

After they had stripped me, the two babes began to undress each other. This was no wild, drunken impulse; these girls had done this before. After removing their shirts, the two sluts rubbed their tits together and kissed passionately in a tight embrace. Sheila kissed and nibbled Anna's tits and then gently pushed her face down to her crotch. After sliding Sheila's tight pants down around her ankles, Anna licked the crotch of Sheila's sheer panties. Sheila pulled up on the waist until her swollen pussy lips pushed out on either side, and Anna licked at the pink folds hungrily. Quickly stepping out of her now-sopping panties, Sheila thrust her cunt fully into Anna's face. After plunging two fingers into Sheila's snatch, Anna went right to work on her clit with her tongue. Sheila was moaning and pushing Anna's face against her wet slit, groaning with pleasure. The sight of these two sluts in heat was driving me crazy, but I stood to one side, stroking my stiff cock and just watching the action.

After some more furious tongue-lashing, Sheila cried out in ecstasy. When her orgasm had subsided, both girls grabbed me and threw me on the bed.

Anna dived on my cock and began sucking it noisily. Sheila straddled my face with her steaming pussy and lowered it to my mouth. She cooed as my tongue began to trace small circles around her pink-and-juicy target. I sucked her labia into my mouth and nibbled them tenderly. I caressed her ass and gently probed her asshole with my fingers as I plunged my tongue as far as it would go into her cunt. Sheila shrieked with pleasure as I searched out all of her pleasure spots. Her chest heaved, and her thighs clutched at my head as the first waves of orgasm hit her body.

As Sheila moved away from my face, I once again became aware of Anna, hard at work on my cock. I had been so totally engrossed with Sheila's hot pussy, I'd almost forgotten I was having my knob polished. As I watched Anna gobble my dork, I felt the cum swelling in my sack. I knew this was a big load, and my body jerked as the first wad shot from my tip and blasted deep into Anna's waiting throat. Anna quickly pulled away, closed her eyes and let the remaining jism squirt all over her pretty face, neck and tits. After Sheila licked my spunk off her girlfriend's face, they traded places.

Next, Anna lowered her succulent pussy onto my mouth, and my nostrils sucked in her sweet, pungent cunt odor. As I munched Anna's humid snatch, Sheila sucked my cock back to life with her expert mouth.

"Eat my hot cunt! That's it," moaned Anna.

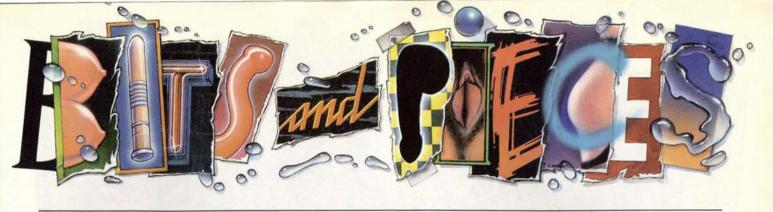
I did just as she asked, and by the time she'd had enough, my jaw was sore, and my tongue was tired. Free to concentrate (continued on page 26)





"Young lady, how many times have I told you to wipe your cunt before you come into this house?!"





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

I e have a special place for a career prosecutor bent on applying his moral standards to all Americans by conducting a kangaroo court that puts adult entertainment on trial. Henry Hudson, chairman of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, who railroaded the panel to predictable right-wing conclusions despite questionable evidence and shoddy methods, has also ridden first class at taxpayer expense to a U.S. Attorney post-and selection as Asshole of the Month.

Hudson was appointed to head the panel-based on his zealous anti-adult entertainment crusade as chief prosecutor for Arlington County, Virginia, with a 1980 census population of 152,599. When, Hudson says, he received "12, 13, 14 phone calls from citizens complaining about it," he not only arrested Dennis Sobin, the publisher of the sex newspaper Free Spirit, on obscenity charges, but impounded 21 of the paper's vending machines-before the paper was ever ruled obscene. In fact, the judge threw out the case. "I have a pretty good impression, based on [antiporn] cases, of what is and is not acceptable," Hudson claims.

T he line between justice and blinders-on prosecution based on personal viewpoints seems easily blurred with Hudson at the helm. At the commission's outset Hudson declared, "I am personally disturbed about what has been reported from law-enforcement sources as a possible relationship between sexually oriented materials portraying violent sexual activities and the level of violent criminal activity." Not surprisingly, the panel declared that it had found a link between pornography and crime, despite a lack of solid evidence, contradictory evidence from social scientists, and the dissent

of three women panel members who called the claim "ludicrous." Columbia University clinical psychology associate professor Judith Becker said, "No social science data has shown any casual connection between even violent pornography and crime."

Hudson dragged in all sorts of "testimony," with threefourths of those called decrying pornography. Some selfproclaimed experts presented Baltimore, sometimes paying tax dollars for cab fare and a hotel room in which to try to talk girls into offering sex for pay-each conviction putting another feather in Hudson's cap.

Hudson's blatant disregard for the spirit of the law and citizen's rights takes many forms. Not only were the repeated busts of Dennis Sobin unsuccessful, but so were cases against video stores busted for



Henry Hudson

alleged results of scientific studies linking pornography to crime, but the scientists who conducted the studies said they either had not reached the claimed conclusions or that their study results were misrepresented. Out of this mishmash of innuendo, "anonymous" witnesses and outright falsehoods, Hudson led the willing antifreedom sheep on the panel to a foregone conclusion that civil libertarians and social scientists had feared the commission was out to establish.

It's not unlike Hudson to stack the deck. Defense attorneys in Arlington County say that when there were no more whores to bust on Hudson's turf, the local vice cops he was chummy with would call escort services as far away as selling adult movies. Still, Hudson used the threat of prosecution to browbeat stores into giving up adult-video sales. These Nazi-like tactics have carried over into the commission's practices and report.

mericans are aware that a letter from the commission—on Department of Justice stationery—is believed to have caused five store chains with magazine stands to drop Playboy and Penthouse. Even a draft of the report sent to Attorney General Edwin Meese admits, "We regret that legitimate bookstores have been pressured to remove from their shelves legitimate and serious discussions of sexuality."

Still, Hudson's panel suggests that citizen-action groups boycott, picket and "socially condemn" local sellers of pornography-in short, become government-sanctioned vigilantes. What's to stop groups that oppose the sale of other items from taking the same tack, subjecting merchants to the whim of narrow-minded special interests? Not Hudson, since he's the type who relishes such sociopolitical gangsterism. Although panel members complained of insufficient time to study the evidence, and the surgeon general had called for top social scientists to review the data and make suggestions, Hudson took no steps to extend the deadlines, instead pushing through the report with its bogus contentions.

I ronically, the panel voted (narrowly) to exempt the printed word from prosecution. How considerate, since the First Amendment already protects all published and private broadcast material. Hudson has said, "Pornography is not covered or protected by the First Amendment," although he had to admit, "I have not formulated a definition of pornography." Neither has the U.S. Supreme Court nor the pornography commission

itself.

Isn't it time you voiced your opinion about this nonsense? Americans who are tired of seeing their rights eroded by an administration all too willing to cater to repressive special interests should let Congress know. Meese's kangaroo commission has no right to establish law-let alone intimidate any merchants or publishers. The nation already has sound anti-obscenity laws that are court-tested, fair and reasonable-even in the opinion of two Presidential commissions on pornography. Congress and the federal justice system have more serious matters that need attention than the petty personal feelings of an asshole like Henry Hudson.



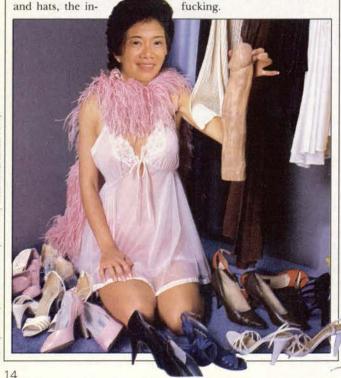
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Yow pale, underendowed white males need no longer hide indoors watching golf tournaments on those sunny, summer afternoons for fear of being chuckled at by the fairer sex. Not when there's Copperbone tanning and enlarging oil around. This revolutionary liquid turns the whitest, limpest nerd into a big, black sausagetoting tower of power. The girls will go crazy, and you'll feel great. Pick up a bottle of Copperbone today. It may be long overdue.

The Long, Lost Philippenis

or decades it was only a rumor, but the Philippines' new leader, Corazon Aquino, knows now that it really exists. Yes, treasure-seekers, among the myriad shoes, skirts, dresses, furs

trepid Ms. Aquino has discovered ousted First Lady Imelda Marcos's prize dildo! And in complete working order. We accept this find as proof positive that it wasn't just the Philippine people Ferdy's old lady was fucking.





Paying Through the Pussy

Before it was withdrawn from the market in June 1974, the Dalkon Shield had been one of the most widely used IUDs in the country. When it was discovered, however, that the device was associated with spontaneous, septic abortions in some wearers, Dalkon died a loud and lingering death. So lingering, in fact, that 12 years later hundreds of thousands of women are waiting for their

justly deserved greenbacks from a ton of lawsuits filed against A. H. Robins Company, the manufacturer of the defective product. Presently, suits are being settled, and Robins is paying through more than just the ass to clear up a corporate fuckup that could destroy the billion-dollar company. Spread your legs and open your wallets, ladies: You'll be baskin' in Robins!



Sadomasochistic Sweet

those lifeless Friday nights at home with the two bimbos from next door? You know, you've fucked, sucked, stroked, poked and prodded for hours, and there's just nothing left to cap off the evening. Well, wet your palate, pain-loving pervos, because

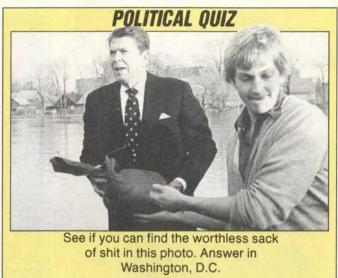
now there's an after-sex dessert that's specially made to keep the evening alive. Ready whip tastes delicious, sprays on easy, won't stain sheets or upholstery and mixes superbly with blood and semen, or any other bodily fluid with which it may come in contact. S&M has never tasted this good!



Canned Film Festival

kay, so it's not as elaborate, star-studded, media-blitzed and downright decadent as the annual movie-industry meltdown on the French Riviera. To those

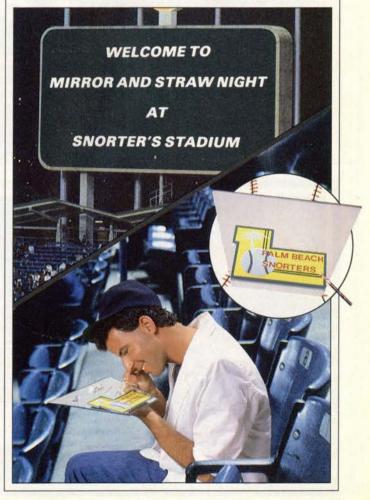
who've been sitting on grocerystore shelves all year, however, it's an aluminum-plated orgy. Pop those lids and show that meat, kids: This is *Tinseltown* at its truest.



Ballpark Promotion, 1986-What's Next?

ley Field to Candlestick Park has promotional giveaways from time to time. And let's face it—America's baseball fans have had their fill of caps, balls, bats, seat cushions and pennants. It's time for an up-to-date gimmick that re-

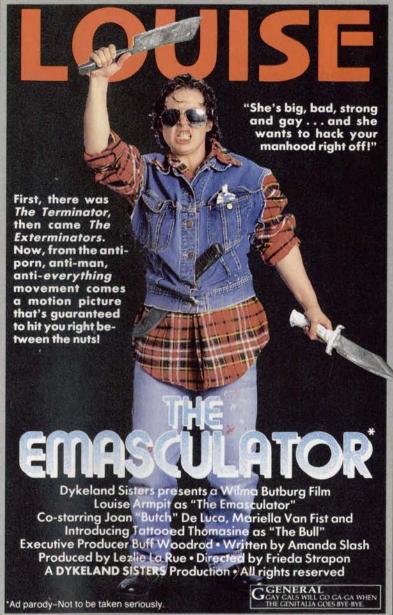
ally illustrates the state of the game. Enter Mirror and Straw Night, a ripsnorting promotion conducted by the fast-thinking folks of the Palm Beach Snorters Organization. This is one gift that will blow fans—and Baseball Commissioner Peter Ueberroth—totally away!

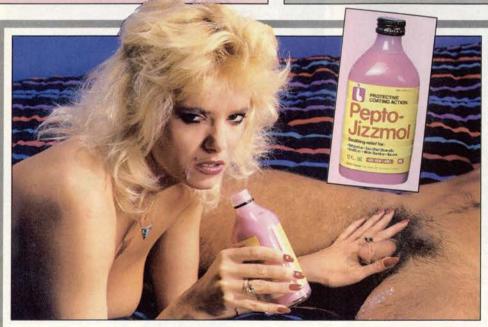




Nippon Nookie

esides making terrific little cars, state-of-theart stereo and video components, and the
world's finest uncooked fish, the Japanese
must also be recognized for their simply refreshing
and kindly kinky perspective on sexuality. Sex Book:
The Bible for Adam & Eve (Hot Dog Press, Tokyo,
Japan) is a giddy and delightful "how to" examination
of the male/female physical relationship. The volume
touches on such topics as "Finger Technique," "Erection," "Insert Signal," "Animation Porno," "Crit,"
"Penis Building," "New Kissing," "Panties" and other
juicy subjects. The photos in the book are far from
erotic—cute is the best word to describe them—and the
text is mostly in Japanese. Find a geisha girl to translate for you.





Johnny Come Too Much Lately?

oo much pizza and beer may result in an aggravating upset stomach, but nothing compares to the abdominal distress and discomfort that comes from swallowing an excessive amount of male cum. Men, if your lady's completely blowjobbed out and filled to the gills with your dick icing... and can't take another drop, toss a couple of tablespoons of gentle, tasty Pepto-Jizzmol past her gums. In absolutely no time at all she'll be gobbling up your nut juice again and feeling like a million bucks.

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

September 1986

Hail Penis

Kawasaki, Japan-High on any list of events to attend should be the annual Kanamara Phallic Fertility Festival. A holdover from the days when the Japanese regularly prayed to sex deities for help in the bedroom, the festival includes the forging of a metal phallus (kana-mara), phallus-wielding events and a parade of penis costumes. Everyone is invited to participate. All this is meant to commemorate the mythological destruction of castrating teeth in a woman's vagina, cause for celebration indeed.

Political Coup

Big Water, Utah-Most candidates for public office would consider bigamy in their backgrounds to be a political liability. Not so for Alex Joseph, who's running for a seat on the Kane County Commission. Joseph is a devout polygamist-in fact, he has ten wives. Joseph believes it will be an asset to his campaign. Says he, managing ten wives at once is "absolute proof of my administrative ability."

That's Amore

Naples, Italy-Young lovers in Naples, when parking in dark alleys and on secluded roads, have been plagued recently by peeping Toms and sex maniacs. So plans are in the works for a proposed "Love Parking Lot," which could hold 1,000 cars. The fenced-in spaces would be specifically for horny couples looking for a place to make out and would be patrolled by security guards. All that's missing is a drive-in movie.

Not Just Another Beer

Irvine, California-Good news for Nude Beer lovers. The vile brew with the naked lady on the bottle is making a comeback. Attorney Gene Pace, who's bought the company, is making improvements. First, he's going to introduce tamper-proof packaging so folks in the store can't

Porn from the Past



We crave your old smut, and we'll pay \$150 for any antique filth photo we print. Send it with an SASE to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



scratch the yellow bikini top off the busty blonde on the label and spoil the fun for those who actually buy the stuff. And for those drinkers not satisfied by a naked girl on the label, he plans to improve the beer's taste.

Paranoia on Parade

Palm Springs, California-There was a scare in the streets of Palm Springs when a postal worker emptying a mailbox found a suspiciously ticking package. She left it there and phoned the local police, who summoned a bomb squad. After blanketing the package to muffle a potential blast, the cops contacted the Arizona couple to whom it was addressed. The package was a present from their daughter. The authorities removed a vibrator from the package, "defused" it by taking out the batteries and sent it on its way. The family was never identified. For some reason they found the incident embarrassing.

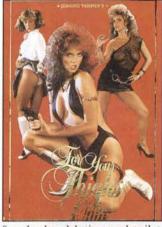
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ducers deserve credit for injecting attempted humor without polluting the erotic fervor of this tale. With so many jaded jades and ho-hum, yawning orifices on entertainment screens these days, it's nice to see that at least two naughty girls are still in heat.

For Your Thighs Only

(Western Visuals) Pretty-girl porn queen Angel can't act her way out of a douchebag-and it's a good thing too. If she could, she'd have been snapped up by Hollywood long ago-depriving porndom of one of its sexiest stars. She's at her cocksucking prime in this James Bond satire, blowing Harry Reems to Kingdom Cum, and when she wraps her luscious lips around Peter North's thick dick and starts sucking away, you'll be rushing



for the hand lotion and toilet paper. In fact, Thighs contains a number of bone-stiffening blowjobs, each more stimulating than the last. The story, about an evil group's plan to conquer the world by outlawing sex, is silly, but the plentiful and exciting sex scenes make it bearable, thanks to director Jerome Tanner's penchant for well-lit, clinical closeups and lots of facial cum-shots. Thighs has something for every interest: asshole-licking, sapphic sex, an inspired three-on-one (Angel, Erica Boyer, Kathlyn Moore and Tony Martino) sequence, a superb "virgin" assfuck in which Jamie Gillis pops Brittany Stryker's brown cherry and, for those double-penetration fans, Kari Foxx takes two stiffies in her roomy snatch at the same time. For Your Thighs Only isn't perfect, but it sure beats -Jay Amarillo Bond reruns.



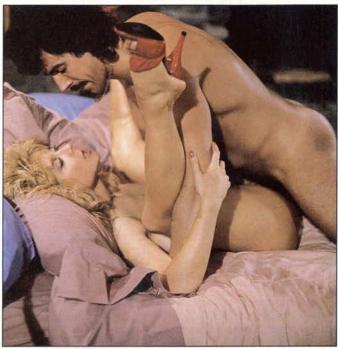


Directed by Anthony Spinelli.

Starring Amber Lynn, John Leslie, Nina Hartley, Jamie Gillis, Patti Petite, Buffy Davis, Sugar Brown, Jerry Butler, Tom Byron, Mike DeMarco and Tony Montana.

Videocassette by Plum Productions.

This breezy, erotic comedy about a girl who can't sweat, who thinks sex without sweat isn't sex at all and who sets out to find a stud who can wring more than an orgasm out of her is one of the few tapes on the market that's actually sexy and funny. Directed by Anthony "Talk Dirty to Me" Spinelli, Sweat stars the best buns in porn: Amber Lynn. If it were possible to harness Amber's sexual energy, the U.S. would never have to fear another oil embargo. This girl is hot-and she's never been hotter than she is in Sweat. Inspired by a excellent acting performances. tour de force as Amber's doctor. superb script and Spinelli's mas- (Jamie Gillis, for one, sheds his Bending her over his desk, he terful direction, the cast turns in mean-man image for a comic asks, "You mind if I get personal

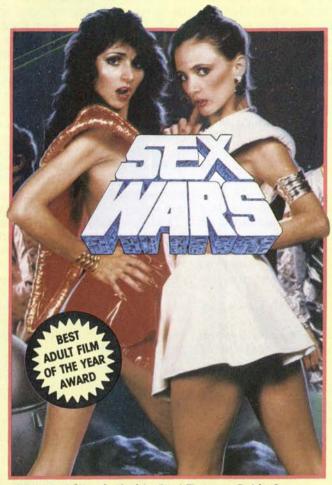


Sweet cheeks Nina Hartley has a hot time with big Mike DeMarco.

This double-stud sandwich is no 'Sweat' for the amazing Amber Lynn.

here?," then plunges his face into her ass.) Sexually, Sweat is fireworks: Phenomenal Nina Hartley coaxes a roaring climax out of macho stud Mike DeMarco, busty Buffy Davis all but consumes ebony goddess Sugar Brown (also known as Angel Kelly), and Amber Lynn, whether paired with Gillis, John Leslie, Jerry Butler or a vibrator-or sandwiched between Tom Byron and Tony Montana-is nothing short of a sexual miracle. The strong story, talented and attractive performers, and some of the wettest sex on videotape make this cassette ideal for couples . . . but don't be afraid to watch it alone. It'll make you sweat no matter what. -D. O.





STARRING: Laurie Smith, Paul Thomas, Robin Cannes, Richard Pacheco, Gale Sterling, Billy Dee, & Mai Lin

SEX WARS is an erotic take-off on the Space Saga films of late. It is the first adult film with major studio sci-fi flash and flesh. Reviewers have called this film the "BEST ADULT FILM EVER PRODUCED."

10,000 years have passed since an erotic war destroyed all known life on the planet Tyros, in the star system of Lesbos. Mysteriously, in recent years, spaceships have often vanished when navigating in that region of space. To quell spreading fears, the galactic federation sent out a cruiser class starcraft to investigate the strange occurances around Tyros. It also vanished. A rescue mission is sent; manned by Brinker Duo, Mark Starkiller, Princess Layme, and of course, the robot 4-Q! What follows are some of the most erotic scenes ever filmed; to divulge any more would spoil the surprise ending. May the farce he with you! the farce be with you!

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THIS MONTHS TOP 40

- 1 SEX WARS 2 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS
- 3 TABOO AMERICAN STYLE
- 4 SNAKES EYES 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT

- 6 DEADLY LOVE 7 RAW TALENT 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND
- 9 SPITFIRE
- 10 BLACK THROAT
- 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS FANTASY 13 INSATIABLE II 14 NEW WAVE HOOKERS

- 16 STIFF COMPETITION 17 RX FOR SEX
- 18 DANGEROUS STUFF
- 19 MATINEE IDOL

- ☐ 21 ALEXANDRA
 ☐ 22 PINK LAGOON
 ☐ 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND
- 24 DIXIE RAY 25 SCOUNDRELS

- 26 GIRLS ON FIRE 27 IRRESISTIBLE 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR

- 30 TRINITY BROWN
 31 PROFESSIONAL JANINE
- 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III 35 TRASHY LADY 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER 37 FLESHDANCE

- 38 DEBBIE DOES EM ALL 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR ☐ 39 BEHIND THE GREET ☐ 40 MISTY BEETHOVEN

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HOT LETTERS

−J. P.

(continued from page 10)

on Sheila, my semen soon exploded into her mouth. As each of us had come more than once, I figured that they would now send me home. Instead, they switched

Sheila moved up my body and kissed me. I could taste my salty cum on her smiling lips. We held each other as Anna lay between my legs, playing with my prick. As it began to grow hard again, Sheila maneuvered herself over it and lowered her twat onto my pole. Her pussy was hot and tight. I was in heaven!

After slowly sliding down its entire length, Sheila had now taken my cock to the hilt. Then, ever so slowly, she began to rise off my shaft. When only the head of my dick was gripped by her pussy lips, she slammed herself down on me savagely. Repeating her motions, she was soon banging me for all she was worth. Anna worked frantically, tonguing our assholes and my balls as we thrashed about.

I felt my third wad-ah, the joy of being 20-of the night rising deep within my balls. Just as I was about to come, Anna stuck her index finger into my asshole, doing the same to Sheila. Sheila squirmed and violently spasmed, flooding me with her juices. I could hold back no longer. Sheila's cunt milked my dick of its spunky load. To my amazement I was still hard and ready for Anna.

The brunette got on all fours and waved her butt at me.

"Fuck me up the ass, you horny stud!"

she begged. "Never argue with a lady," I said, and did just as I was told. At first I pushed just the head of my cock into her pouting

asshole. Then with a savage thrust I skewered her anus with every last inch of my raging butt invader. With her hands on the cheeks of my ass, Sheila pushed me in and out of Anna's rosebud with quick, firm strokes. Sheila was now fingering her quim and pinching her nipples as she watched me buttbang Anna's ass. Anna was grinding back at me, meeting each thrust. With a free hand she began to furiously diddle her pussy and was soon screaming with ecstasy. I felt my dick spasm, and my cream coated the insides of her anus as my final load was released. The three of us collapsed into each other's arms, satisfied and exhausted.

We lay there panting, then fell asleep, helpless and happy. You can bet I'm not going to wait until my next birthday to celebrate with those two red-hot frauleins -R. L. again!

West Berlin, Germany

Send your Hot Letters to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



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CALL NOW!

I have been an avid fan of HUSTLER for about four years now, and I really enjoy your magazine. I'm writing in regard to your May '86 issue in which you wasted a gorgeous blonde. The pictorial titled Jonelle: Rooftop Rendezvous was great, but I thought she deserved to be the centerfold or even a life-size centerfold. I have nothing against Muffy: An American Original, but I'm one muchacho who'd rather have Jonelle's sweet taco hanging on my wall instead of sitting on my shelf. -Disappointed Beverly, Massachusetts

I would like to see more photo-spreads of exciting, sultry, brunette types and South American women with dark complexions. They are so much more titillating than the shots of the blond bimbos you usually run. These girls are not extinct; so please consider my request.

Brooklyn, New York

You asked for it; so we're giving it to you. Look for a hot, Latin honey in the October '86 issue of HUSTLER.

I was checking out the March '86 issue of HUSTLER, and in the Beaver Hunt section I saw the snapshot of a 46-year-old waitress named Lynn from Prospect Heights, Illinois. Her fantasy is to make love in a dark, crowded bar. My fantasy is to make love to an older woman in a dark bar. I would like to meet her and have my fantasy come true. -Inmate Hehn Vandalia, Illinois

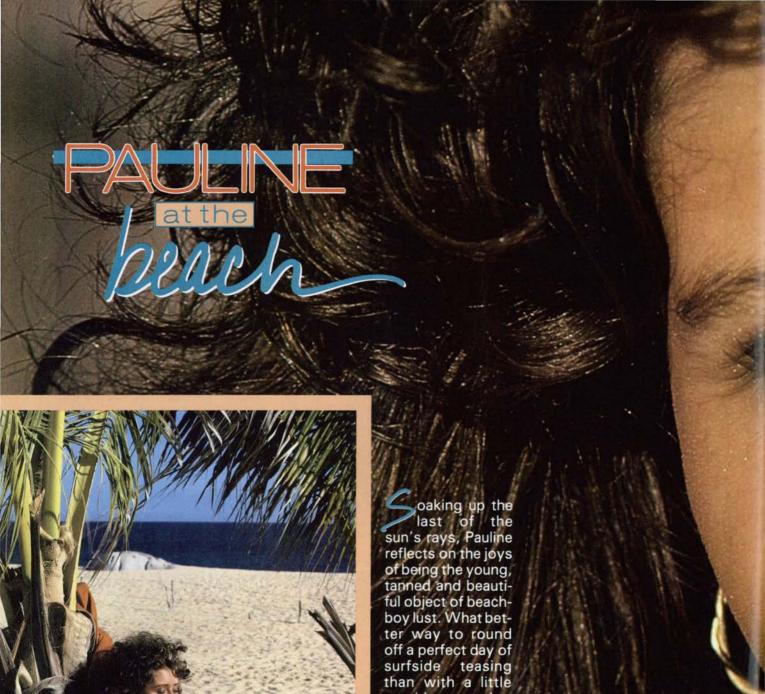
BROTHERS UNDER THE SUN:

I am writing in regard to B. F. from Waterford, Pennsylvania, who stated in the June '86 Feedback column ("Wants Private Dick") that black cocks turn her on. I am a black male, and I am very turned-on to white pussy.

As a matter of fact, I would much rather fuck and eat white pussy than black pussy anytime and anywhere. I'd like to -T. W. run into you, B. F.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a phone number (with area code) if you want your letter considered for publication.



seaside masturba-tion? While her fin-gers do the walk-

ing, Pauline lets her

mind wander to past lovers. "All in all," she decides, as the waves wash over her, "it's a lot

less complicated to do it yourself.

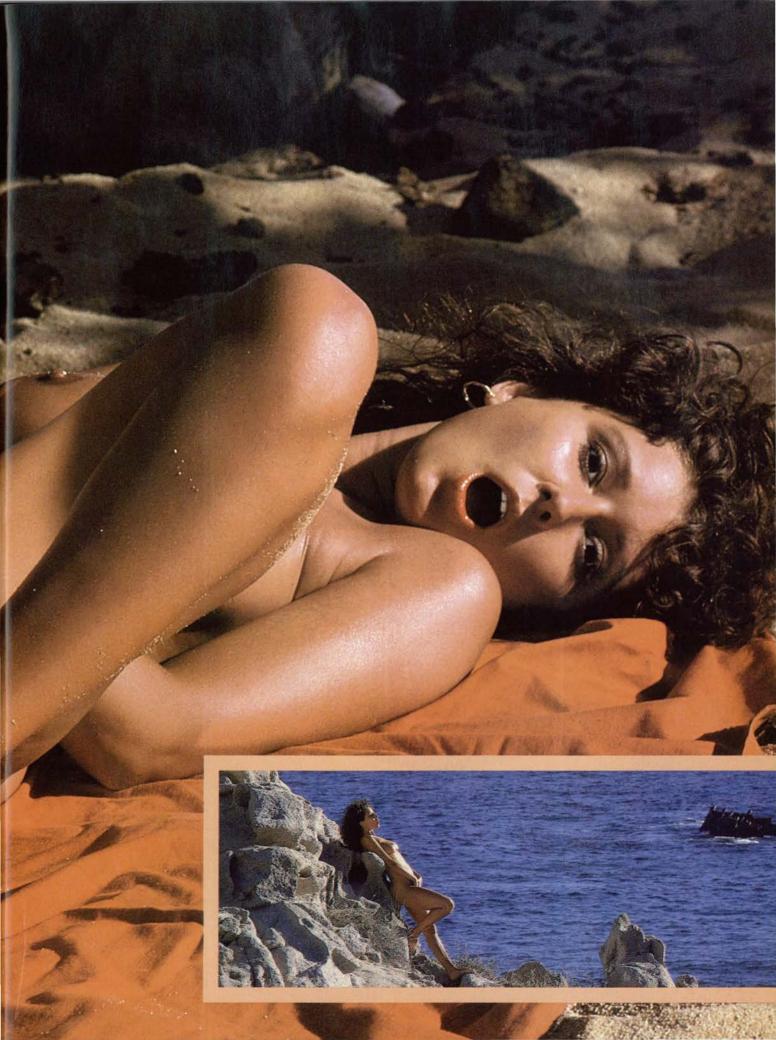
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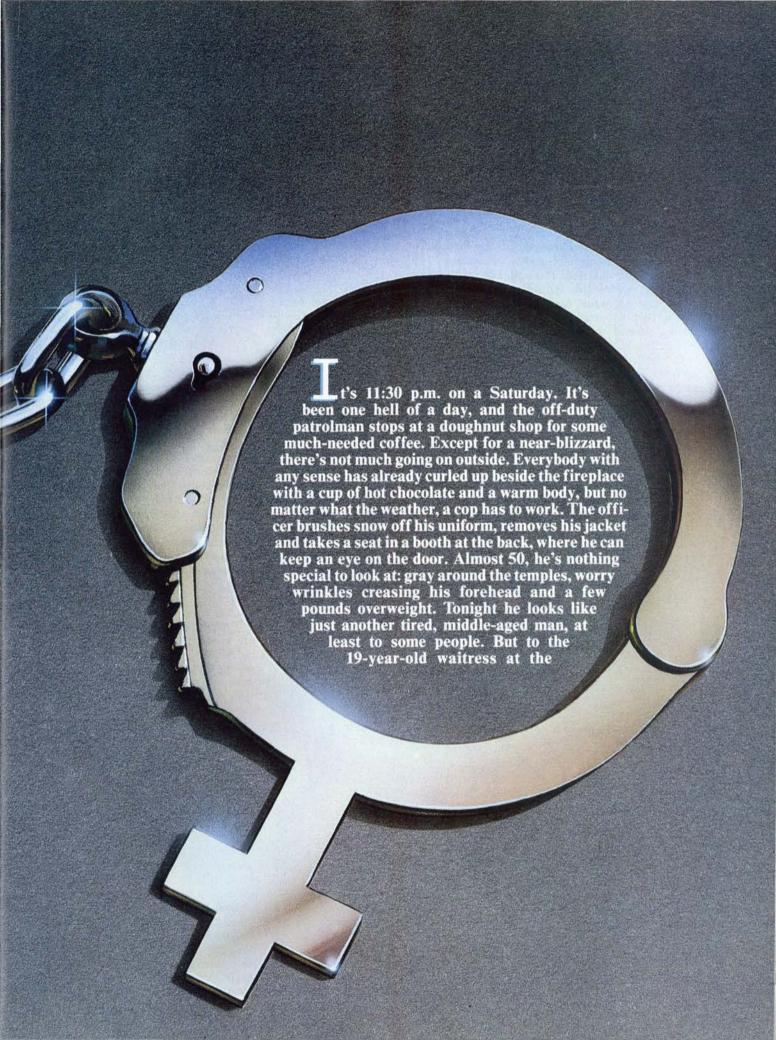








COPS & COOZIE Article by J. R. Nelson



That's how it works. It seems that every woman wants to fuck a cop, in one way or another.

doughnut shop he looks like a knight in shining armor. All evening she has been scared to death. Only last week the place had been robbed and, although she survived the ordeal with nary a scratch, she is terrified to work alone, as she is tonight.

But now she isn't alone. He is here. If trouble should strike, he'll take care of her. A shiver runs through her body. Not a shiver of fear, but a shiver of excitement. Her clit sends vibrations through her body as she momentarily fantasizes this man in uniform, this cop, running his hands through her hair and caressing her nubile body. Behind the counter she touches herself and finds that she is thoroughly wet "down there."

Trying hard to maintain her composure, she serves the cop his coffee "on the house." He looks up and smiles, and she returns his smile, then steps away and takes a good look at him as he stares at the cup and avoids her gaze.

He looks tough. She can see that he has experienced many exciting things, and the excitement and danger are an aphrodisiac to this young, inexperienced girl. Why, he could teach her so much about

life . . . and sex.

Slowly she walks back to his booth. He looks up at her and can't help noticing her fine, upturned tits straining against the fabric of her sweater, and the long tan legs that are visible clear up to her thigh, thanks to the slit in her skirt.

She must do something; so she blurts out, "Would you like to take me out for a drink after I close up? I'm old enough to do anything you want."

Now the policeman pays more attention. When he was 18 or 19, he'd have given his left nut just to feel those tits, and now she's his for the taking. But things have changed since he was a teenager.

The decision he makes will involve several factors. First, he might be happily married and turn her down for that reason. Second, he might take her home with him because it's a cold night, and he too could use a warm body to curl up with. And third, he might be too bushed to fool around tonight.

You see, this is not an unusual occurrence. It happens quite often. This officer has a book full of names of young ladies who want only to curl up in the arms of a big, strong cop and just stay there, making his every wish come true. He knows that if he doesn't take the doughnut-shop waitress out tonight, she'll probably still be there tomorrow. That's how it works. It seems that every woman wants to fuck a cop, in one way or another.

It's no secret. Men in blue (and women too) get more opportunity to get laid than practically any other profession. In a world where there seems to be a shortage of real men, a cop still stands out as a hero, an authority figure, a John Wayne, a little bigger than life.

Never mind that what's inside his shorts has never won any awards for size or beauty. The fantasy of what he portrays will get the ladies off every time. If you're a cop, cooze is always close.

THE COP AND THE GROUPIE

Every Monday night at 11 o'clock a blackand-white patrol car rolls into the driveway of the lone house, high up on the hill above the city. The huge garage door opens, and the car slips inside between a red Porsche 944 and a black Mercedes 300SEL.

Sergeant Carl Ives emerges from the car, clothed in the uniform he's been wearing for the past ten hours. He takes a shoe brush out of his glovebox and quickly buffs his knee-high motorcycle boots until they shine. Then, from the backseat, he takes a gym bag containing the tools of his trade: two pairs of handcuffs, a box of .357-Magnum cartridges, leg irons and a black-leather flight jacket. His baton fits snugly in a loop attached to the side of the bag.

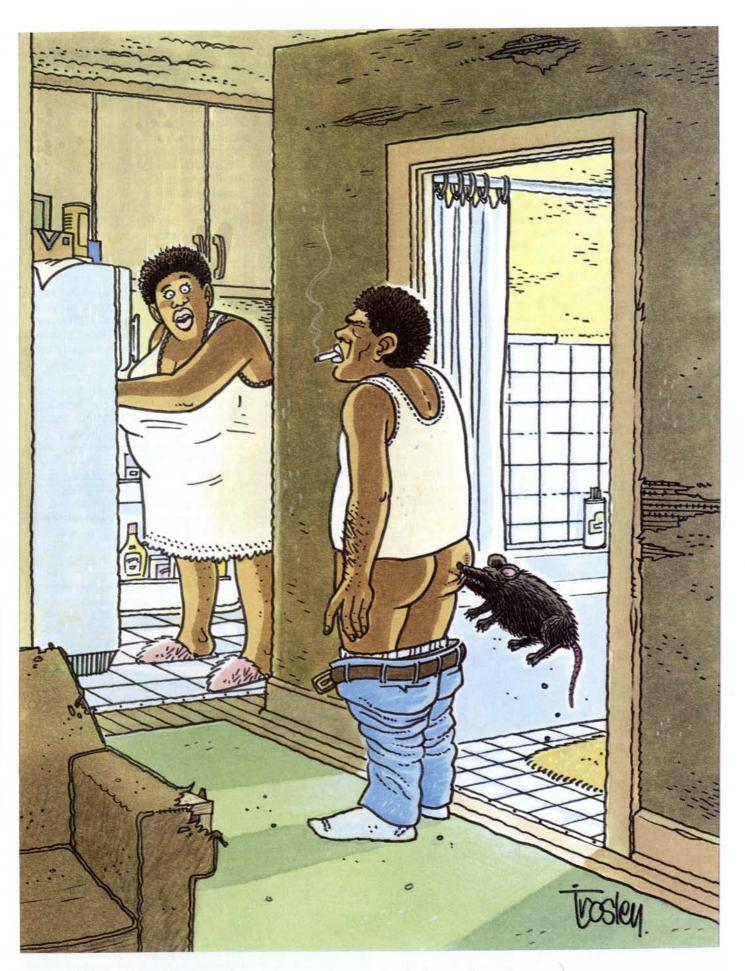
The back door is open. Ives strolls in. He knows exactly where he'll find the lady of the house and, sure enough, she's where she always is, pretending to be asleep on the huge brass waterbed in the back bedroom. Her name is Marilyn. She lives alone in this obscenely huge house that Daddy gave her for her 18th birthday. And she is bored with boys her own age. She's a cop groupie.

Quietly, Ives slips the five-cell Mag Lite out of the loop on his belt and aims it at the "sleeping" girl's face. "Wake up, bitch; you're under arrest!" he shouts as he turns the switch on, temporarily blinding the young beauty.

Marilyn throws back the covers, screams and runs toward the bathroom. Ives grabs the back of her flimsy nightgown, and it tears from her exquisite suntanned body as she streaks toward the "safety" of the john. In a flash she's back on the bed, her hands cuffed firmly to the crossbar of the headboard. "Please don't hurt me," she whimpers as the sergeant pulls his 14-inch baton from its

loop and places the end of it against her





"Aw, don't tell me the toilet backed up again. . . . "

The sergeant pulls his 14-inch baton from its loop and places the end of it against her tight pussy.

tight pussy. From the illumination his lantern casts on her rich, perfectly trimmed snatch, it's obvious that she is ready for what is coming next.

The baton slips easily into her wet, hot vagina. He puts it in only a little way, but she writhes and begs for more; so he obliges. Her cries of "Don't hurt me" change to insane screams of "Hurt me! Rape me! Put it all the way in!" And her juices flow as she screams loudly, bucking her firm, white ass high into the air with each new wave of orgasm.

But it's not over yet. "Fuck me, you pig!" she screams. "Put that dirty pistol of yours in my hole." And the cop does. Pulling down his zipper, he withdraws his penis and rams it into her to the hilt. He knows her game. He must keep his uniform on or she doesn't play. He must press his body against hers so tightly that the silver buttons leave marks on her. She must be able to feel the buckle of his gun belt cut into her tummy, and the smooth leather of his boots against her legs.

Ives is being used, and he knows it. He also knows that there aren't very many other 60-year-old men who are fucking a

rich bitch like this on a regular basis. He smiles as he pumps his load into her hole. Then, without a word, he zips up his uniform trousers, packs up his paraphernalia and leaves.

The same scene will be repeated tomorrow night with Linda, only she does it a little differently. She has her own underground firing range and likes to take it from behind while she shoots at human-silhouette targets with his Magnum.

THE COP AND THE WHORE

Ralph Baxter is 51 years old, a 24-year veteran of a metropolitan police department. For most of those 24 years he has walked a foot patrol in the same neighborhood. He's planning to retire next year with his wife of 31 years to the country home he'd been paying for by working security and other moonlighting jobs. That is, until last year, when he almost lost everything, even his life.

As Baxter walks his beat in the city's nightclub district, his white hair shimmers in the glow of the neon lights. His once-bouncy gait is now a slow, steady step, and his features are hard, reflecting

the grim reality he's seen repeatedly in the streets. As he walks through the crowd, his face begins to relax; then a smile crosses his lips. From half a block away he recognizes a face.

She's as black as the ace of spades and looks to be about 19. And from the tips of her eight-inch spike heels to the top of her braided hair she's a real knockout. Her 40-inch tits strain unmercifully against the thin material of her halter top, and her nipples stand out like two fingers beckoning from her black melons. With every step her skirt raises above the cheeks of her ass and reveals the tiny white-cotton panties that seem to be in the process of disappearing into the crack of her ass.

As they finally reach each other in the crowd, the tired old cop kisses the young woman lightly on her cheek. Several passersby give them strange looks and walk away busily, making moral judgments perhaps, but the couple don't seem to notice. They go into a drugstore snack bar, order two cherry colas (her favorite) and start talking like two old friends.

He asks about her daughter. She asks about his wife and grandchildren. They innocently shoot the breeze for a while; then she says, "Gotta go." With a faint smile still on his lips, Baxter watches her leave as he remembers how they'd met.

He's never had a piece of her fine ass. In fact, unlike a lot of cops, he's never cheated on his wife. But the girl's lips have touched his, and her hands have pressed against his bare chest.

It was only a year ago that he felt it—the pain in the chest that every man dreads but knows he might feel sometime in his life. He had followed a 12-year-old shoplifter into a deserted alley behind a burned-out tenement building. No one would find the cop until it was almost too late. As Baxter clutched his chest and fell to the ground, he saw the perpetrator turn around and look at him before disappearing through the rubble.

When Baxter finally came to, he was looking up the longest, blackest legs he had ever seen. And he could see an emerald-green G-string with kinky hair sticking out of the crotch area.

Oh, my God, he thought. Is this what angels look like? Then the chest pains struck again, and everything went black. It was something Baxter had never experienced, unbearable pressure on his chest. Pressure on, pressure off, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Then something sealed over his mouth, and air was forced deep into his lungs.

He gasped and fought for life. A few more breaths and he was breathing on his own. As he took in oxygen, his vision began to clear, and he couldn't believe (continued on page 48)



"I promised the ol' lady I'd have only one after work!"



"That's her! She's the one who tried to kill me by sitting on my face!"



















It was definitely some fine stuff, but not nearly worth the price he would eventually pay.

his eyes. Just inches away from his face was a humongous pair of black lips, and they were smiling. No one else was around. The biggest, blackest whore he'd ever seen had saved his life.

They saw each other a lot on the streets. Cops and prostitutes always seem to know what's going on with each other and, though most don't get it on sexually, they do watch out for each other's safety. If a whore suddenly disappears and her friends don't know where she is, the cops look for her until she's returned safely to the fold. And when trouble strikes, the hookers know they can always rely on a cop to help them out.

And whores look out for cops in the same way. They also know what's going on on the streets and can spot trouble a mile off. They'll warn a cop of impending danger, and he'd better have sense to listen.

All hookers aren't dirty old drug addicts. Some are students, housewives, secretaries—in general, women like you meet in everyday society. The only difference is that these women value money so highly that for a price they are willing to

allow a stranger to use their bodies for pleasure.

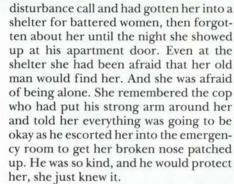
And some of them are really smart when it comes to their business. Lucky for Ralph Baxter, his hooker savior is one of them. She'd taken a CPR class. "Ain't no old bastard gonna die on top of me," she told him later.

Her money doesn't go into booze or dope either. It goes into long-term certificates of deposit and blue-chip stock. "Maybe when I'm too old to fuck, I'll cash it all in and go to college," she says. And she always brings a smile to the older man's face when she grins at him and says, "We're not so different, cops and whores. We both work the streets, and we both get screwed by the public."

THE COP AND THE PSYCHO

It's just past 3 a.m. The 18-year-old stands on a ledge 12 stories above the nearly deserted city street below. Only a handful of people look up at her, waiting to see if she'll jump. She's stark naked.

This won't be the first time Officer Jerry Rice has seen her nude. Her name is Kathy, and he'd met her on a domestic-



It wasn't hard to find out where the object of her affections lived. The night she showed up, it was cold and rainy. Rice couldn't leave her outside, but as she came through the door, he knew he was making a big mistake. He told her she had to go back to the shelter first thing in the morning.

Not to be denied, Kathy took off her raincoat and dropped it on the floor. She wasn't wearing anything else. As she stood naked before him, Rice got his first look at the firm breasts and the trimmed bush of the terrorized young woman he'd left at the shelter only three weeks earlier. He noticed a swelling in his trousers.

He'd had a few drinks that evening after work, and that, combined with a stiff prick with no conscience, dulled his reasoning. Soon he was up to his nuts in her sweet, young snatch. It was definitely some fine stuff, but not nearly worth the price he would eventually pay.

The next morning Kathy returned to the shelter, and Rice figured that was the end of it, but not so. She greatly enjoyed the little taste she got and wanted more—a lifetime more. She began to show up at all hours of the day and night and, if he wasn't home, she'd go to the station and harass the desk sergeant until he called Rice in from the field just to get her out of his hair. The cop couldn't even go out on a date with anyone else, because she would inevitably show up and make a scene.

Finally, Rice got a restraining order, and Kathy would be arrested if she came within 50 feet of his person. But that didn't help. Kathy set up a vigil outside his apartment and created such a disturbance that the neighbors called the police, and she was carted away.

The next day every officer in the precinct knew what was going on, and Officer Jerry Rice found himself called on the carpet by department brass. He was advised to get his personal life in order or face suspension without pay.

Four days later Kathy was shot in the abdomen as an off-duty police officer attempted to wrestle a .25-caliber automatic from her as she aimed it at the back of Rice's head. She had already fired twice, but both shots had missed and embedded



JERRY FALWELL SEES THE LIGHT ... 00

As she checks each fuse, Robinson sits spellbound. Sally's skirt is no longer concealing anything.

themselves harmlessly in a concrete wall.

Rice hadn't seen her since that incident. He'd assumed she was still in jail, then got a call that a naked lady was threatening to jump off a building unless he came and talked to her. A note left inside the office before she stepped out onto the ledge had been discovered, and it left no doubt in anyone's mind that this was a very disturbed individual.

As Kathy looked down at the small group below, the predawn glow illuminated a police cruiser screeching to a stop at the curb. She knew he'd come. Now the man who'd jilted her was going to pay. With a bloodcurdling scream she reached out toward the horizon and, locking her eyes on him, she flew into his arms.

THE COP AND THE COP

Stan Robinson had seen her around a lot, but never with a man. Not that they didn't come on to her—they did. But she just fielded their propositions like a pro. Even the best-looking guys in the precinct couldn't get to first base with her. Gossip had it that she was a lesbian. What

a waste, Robinson thought.

Officer Sally George appeared to be half-Oriental and half-white and, if she was, she had the best features of each race. In her early 30s, she was tall, dark complected, with long legs and small, high breasts that needed absolutely no support. They stood up just fine by themselves, thank you.

It wasn't the best of times that had brought them together. Sally's male partner had been shot one night by a man who was attempting to rape her during a decoy operation, and Robinson had been the first backup on the scene. It was to him that she ran for comfort while the paramedics tried to save her partner. It was he who was by her side during the emergency surgery, and it was he who worked her shift so she could attend the funeral. Robinson was just doing his job, helping a fellow officer, but she would never forget it.

A week later Robinson was notified that he'd been assigned to a plainclothes stakeout and that his partner would be, you guessed it, Officer Sally George.

The two of them have been working

the surveillance operation for several weeks now, nine hours a night confined together in a van with a console housing six television screens, each connected to a camera covering an entrance to a suspected interstate gambling operation. There is little room to move around and, due to the heat the equipment produces, it is almost unbearable.

Robinson is beginning to dread going to work, but he keeps going back because little by little he is breaking through Officer Sally George's shell. Then one night, for no obvious reason other than boredom, they begin talking about their personal lives.

Robinson admits that he very seldom goes out with women anymore. He has a few good friends with whom he shares an evening on occasion, but as far as meeting new people, he's burned out. All he seems to be meeting are cop groupies. When he does find someone he thinks might be a candidate for a long-term relationship, he is certain to get assigned to a time-consuming or dangerous case and, when the case is over, so is the relationship. He hasn't had a real sex life for some time.

The veteran cop is flabbergasted when Sally responds, "I guess men and women have the same problems."

She relates that she had been married for five years and had stayed home and been a nice little housewife, washing, dusting and cooking during the day and giving her husband a good fuck every few nights. She never came, and he'd always roll over and go to sleep when it was over, without even as much as a kiss on the cheek in appreciation.

But she wanted to do something with her life and, during a heavy recruiting campaign, she decided to take the police exam. At first her husband didn't take her seriously; then he began to give her hell. When she'd work overtime, he'd come to the station and wait for her, and when she came in, he'd escort her forcibly by the arm to the parking lot and beat the living hell out of her when they got home.

Finally, he began accusing Sally of trying to rob him of his masculinity, and before long he was impotent. Impotent only with Sally. With all the other girls in town he did fine. It wasn't long before her living hell ended with a divorce. After a succession of failed relationships she decided to dedicate herself to her police job and hang up on her love life. "Now," she tells her surveillance partner, "I live like a nun."

After the shift is over, Robinson goes home, showers and climbs into bed. But he doesn't get a wink of sleep. All he can think about is his partner, how good she (continued on page 80)





"Hot damn! Deep-dish pussy!"

















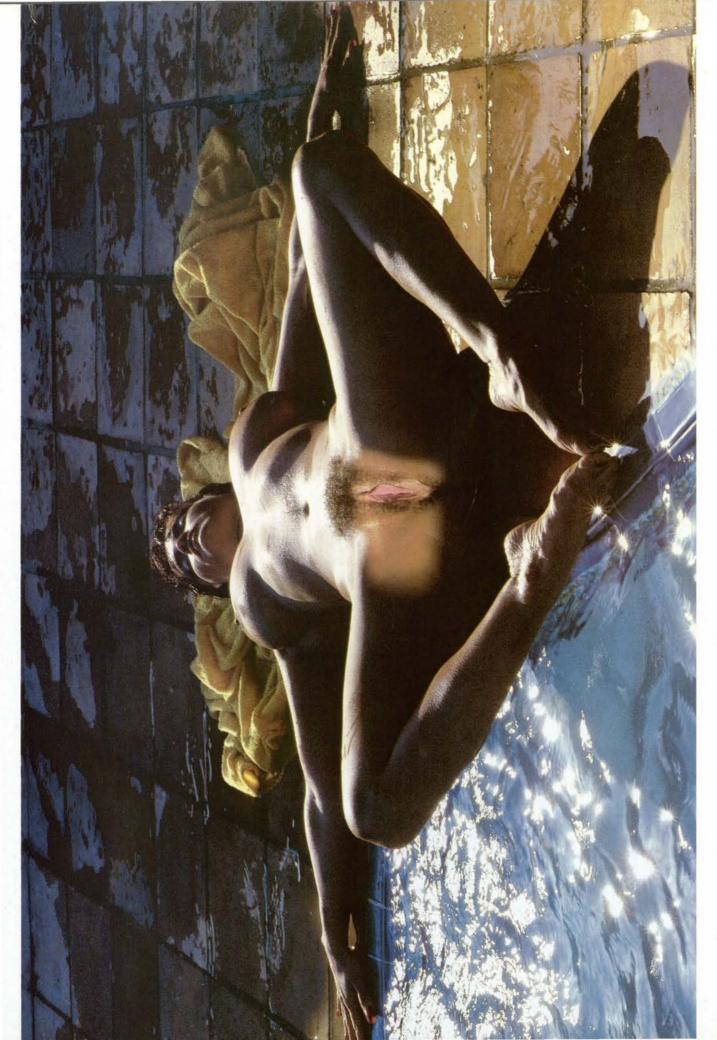


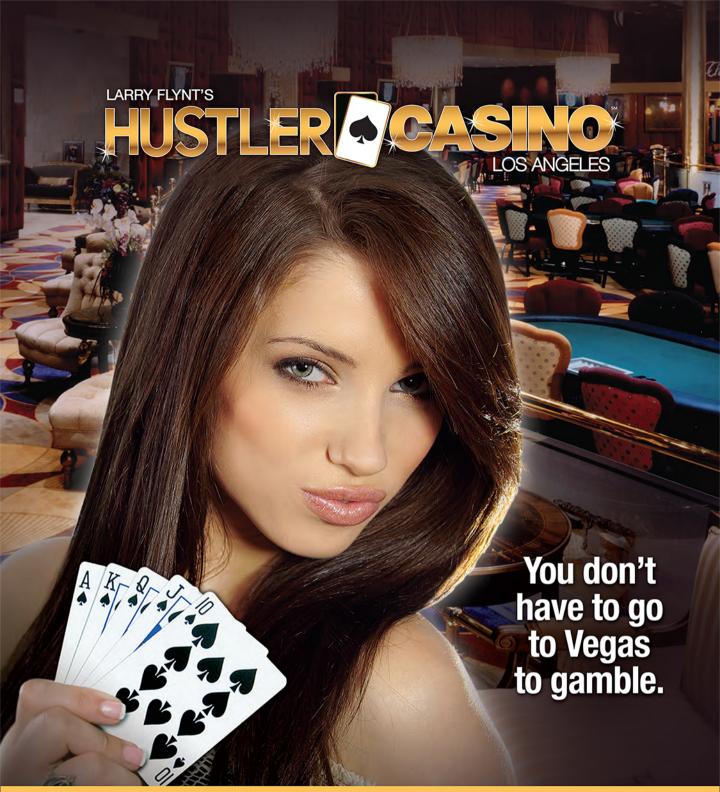








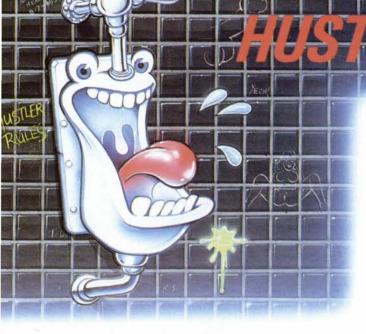




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The perplexed husband took his frigid wife to see a doctor and after the examination was told there was no problem. The physician simply took out a bottle of pills and handed them to the woman. "Just take one or two of these hormone pills, and you'll be raring for action."

The hard-up husband rushed his wife home and told her to take two pills right away. When she kept pushing him away, he told her to take another pill and another and another. Finally, he became afraid that when all of the pills took effect, he wouldn't be able to handle the action. Not knowing what else to do, the husband took a couple for himself and then fell asleep.

Sure enough, about 2 a.m. the wife jumped up in bed, tore off her nightie and cried, "I need a man! I need a man!"

Her husband immediately jumped up, ripped off his pajamas and squealed, "Oh, my, yes, so do I!"

A furious pounding in a hotel room late at night awakened a number of guests. The hotel detective was called, and he let himself into the room. Inside, he found an elderly man banging away on the bathroom door with both fists as he cursed.

"Stop that," the detective said. "You're disturbing the whole hotel."

"Damn the hotel," the elderly man spat. "It's the first erection I've had in years, and my wife fell asleep in the bathtub."

Question: How many Russians do you need to put in a light bulb.

Answer: None. They all glow in the dark.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines chamber of commerce as: a whore's pussy.

On the night of her honeymoon a bride slipped into a flimsy bit of satin and crawled into bed, only to find that her husband had settled down on the couch. When she asked why he was apparently not going to make love to her, he replied, "Because it's Lent."

"Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," she cried, almost in tears. "Lent to whom and for how long?"

A couple of drunks were sitting at a bar when one said, "I've got to take a wiz." When he came back from the bathroom, the other drunk requested, "Before you sit down, go drain a few drops for me, would ya?"

The first drunk obligingly returned to the bathroom, grunted and groaned, and wound up messing his pants. Staggering back to the bar, he drew back his fist and flattened the other drunk.

Trying to pick himself up off the floor, the second drunk asked, "Why did you do that?"

The standing drunk yelled, "You know why, you jerk. Why didn't you tell me you had to crap?"

Question: What do you get when you cross a black with a Jew?

Answer: A janitor at a law firm.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *vagina* as: a box a penis comes in.

Question: What does a Mexican use for collateral to get a car loan?
Answer: His sister.

A young businessman appeared at a bus stop, where he met an older man and a rather large bulldog. "Does your dog bite?" he asked the older gentleman.

"No, my dog is real friendly," came the reply.

On hearing this, the young man started to pet the animal. To his shock and horror, the dog bit him several times and tore the sleeve of his suit to shreds. "I thought you said your dog was friendly!" the businessman exclaimed.

"He is," the old man replied, "but that ain't my dog!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Polish Jacuzzi* as: a 55-gallon water drum with an eggbeater.

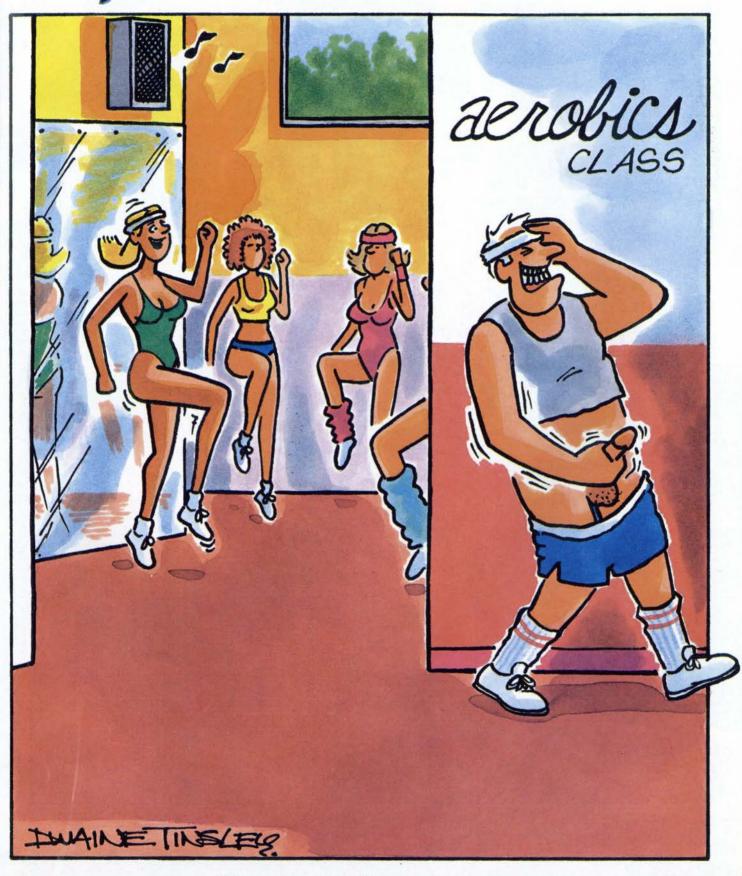
Iwo braggarts sat in a bar engaging in lively conversation. "When I was hunting for grizzly bear last year, I had a very close encounter," one boasted. "As I came across a hill, I saw the bear of my dreams. It stood a solid 12 feet high. In my excitement I took aim and fired, but I only grazed the monstrous creature! Scared to death about what it might do to me, I ran like hell. And do you know that I'd outrun the bear by a distance of two miles by the time I reached my cabin?"

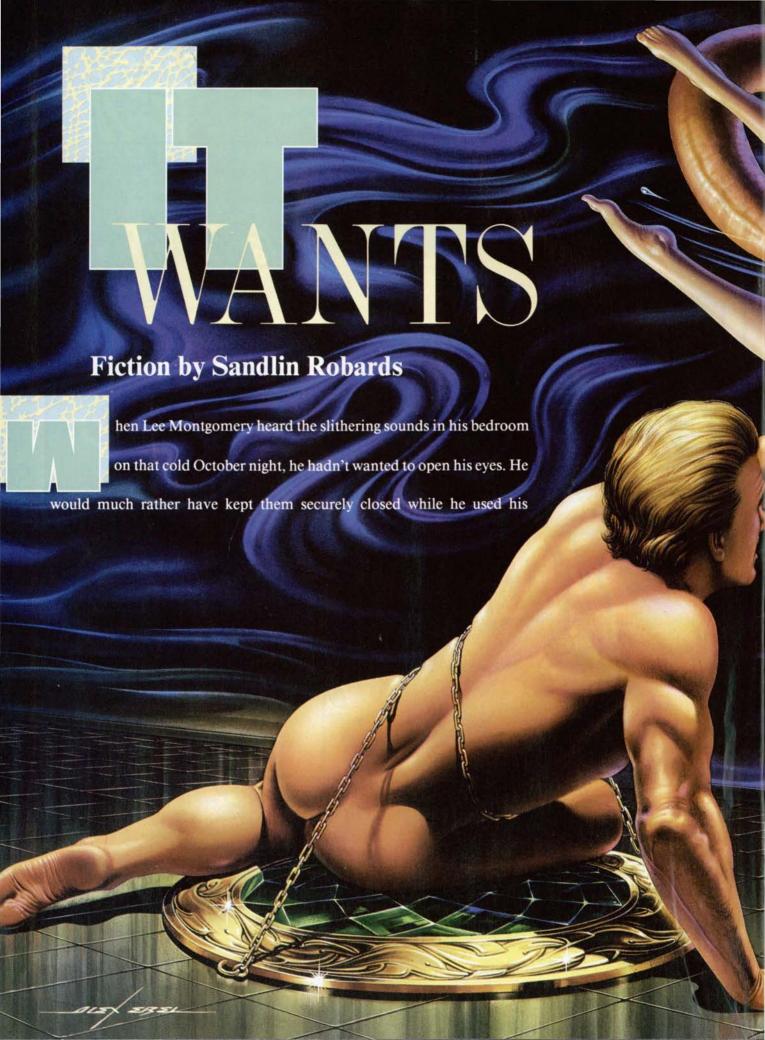
The second braggart looked suspiciously at the first. "I find that impossible to believe," he said. "A wounded bear can run as fast as a race horse."

"Yeah, but I had an advantage," the first fellow answered. "I was running on flat ground, and the bear was running through three inches of shit!"

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Chesterthe Molester







It had made him feel as if he were sinking into something warm, wet and what? Black. Black and evil. . . .

hands and mouth to seek out the comforting warmth of the young woman sleeping beside him. He would have preferred to ignore the slurping sound coming from his closet, listening instead to Ayesha's soft, animal moanings as he nibbled her perfect, petite breasts during an intense session of lovemaking. But that's not what happened.

Lee had opened his eyes and, as he recalled it later, he would always swear that in his room there had been someone-or something-both horrible and exquisite, terrifying yet seductive. He'd point to the stains on the carpet, stains that looked like blood, except they never dried. He'd try to explain the moss growing in the bedroom closet, although he was never sure it was moss; it seemed more like a young woman's pubic hair. Running his hands along the charred wooden doorframe, fingering the blistered paint, he'd stare at the mysterious writing burnt into the ceiling. Bewildered, he'd stare into the closet and mumble the words he'd

sha had disappeared: "It wants!"

It wants! Those two words had come to

been repeating ever since the night Aye-

haunt Lee Montgomery and make him wonder if he'd ever know sanity again. *It wants!* The same two words etched into his ceiling by some unknown, unbidden force were a constant reminder that what "It" wanted "It" got.

Sitting on the edge of the long-abandoned bed, Lee closed his aching eyes and tried to remember everything he could about that terrible autumn night.

Outside, brisk winds were blowing the rain in sheets against the old A-frame house, and the raging surf crashed against the ravaged pier. Inside, Lee was happy to be in bed with Ayesha on top of him, their passionate lovemaking drowning out the sounds of the storm.

Gazing at her lithe body, he wondered what the hell she saw in him. Seventeen years her senior, he was amazed that such a beautiful young woman had approached him. In fact, she'd followed him to three clubs that first night before he stopped thinking it was coincidence and asked her to dance.

Then she stood before him, a gorgeous, seductive creature, wearing cloth-

ing that seemed too modern for her. Her smooth, olive skin was tanned and unblemished. As he drank in the delicate curves of her body, his mind filled with images of distant lands and dark continents. Her gleaming eyes, catlike and penetrating, were deep green. Her hair, blacker than black, flowed in long sensual waves over her small but absolutely splendid breasts. She wore a simple white blouse, sheer, and her pink, ripe nipples were clearly visible.

To put it mildly, she was stunning, but she didn't seem to belong in this day and age. There was something ancient in her eyes, and when she spoke, Lee caught the lilt of an unidentifiable but erotic accent. "You like?" she asked him, her eyes filled with devilish mischief.

Lee was staring at the beautiful massive medallion that hung from a gold chain around her gazellelike neck. Solid gold, he guessed. A pair of dolphins leaping above a perfectly cut emerald, which was exactly the same color as her eyes. There was something strange about that medallion . . . something he felt rather than saw.

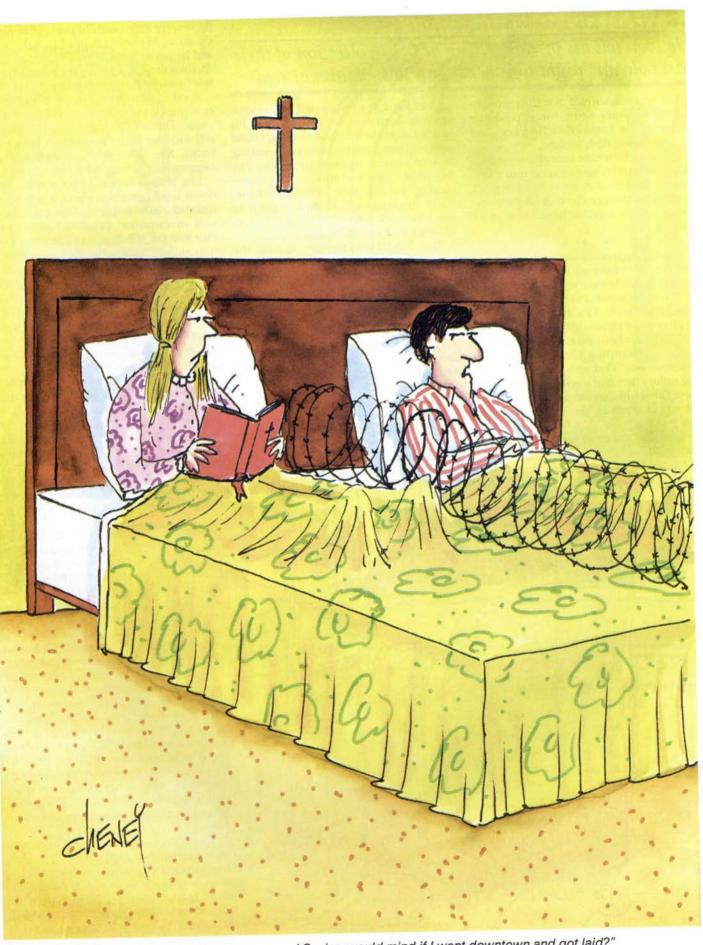
She laughed, a sensual laugh that made his prick stand up. He wasn't sure if her question was referring to her boobs or her necklace; so he laughed with her, and soon they had left the club together and driven back to his place.

After they'd made love for the third time, with the steady sounds of surf and rain playing background music, she had taken the amulet off and placed it around his neck. Her face was radiant with a look that was almost frighteningly beautiful, and from that instant he felt everything change. Above the noise of the storm he thought he could almost hear someone trying to warn him. But in the next moment Ayesha was rubbing her clit against his groin, and he heard no more voices that night.

Now he sat on the bed, turning the memory over in his mind, obsessed with getting her back. His hands wandered absentmindedly to his throat, fondling the gold medallion that he hadn't taken off since that fateful night. He had started to remove it once a few weeks after that first night, but Ayesha's reaction had been so dramatic that he'd never tried it again.

As his fingers felt their way around the heavy gold talisman and explored the smoothness of the huge emerald, he let himself drift back again, searching in his too-few memories of her for a clue that might help him find her. What about that incredible opium she'd brought with her? It had made him feel as if he were sinking slowly down into something warm, wet and . . . and what? Black. Black and evil and unfathomably deep.





"Do you think Christ, your personal Savior, would mind if I went downtown and got laid?"

He soon felt his prick swelling as the recollection of their last volcanic night together began to seem almost real.

Lee had been afraid of it then; now he was angry. Force or no force, power or no power, he intended to find her. And he intended to do it tonight.

While his tormented mind hunted for a plan, he found himself easing into a fantasy about her and soon felt his prick swelling as the recollection of their last volcanic night together began to seem almost real.

Gazing appreciatively at her tanned body, Lee let his cock bury itself a little deeper inside her warm, pulsating pussy. "I make you come now?" she asked him, purring wantonly. Her green eyes seemed to glow in the candlelight, and the perspiration on her body reflected the dancing flames, hypnotizing him, soothing him. His head was filled with the heaviness of the opium they had smoked, and his balls were filled with molten cum, but he knew he wasn't ready to shoot his wad inside

"No," he smiled at her. "I got a long way to go yet."

He took her thick black hair in his hands and pulled her down to him. Kissing her hard, she responded, her tongue probing deep into his mouth while his hands found the crack of her full, round ass and squeezed, pressing her writhing mound harder against his prick. She moved her mouth around to his ear, exploring the soft lobe with her tongue. Then she bit him—just hard enough to make his cock tingle and threaten to release his load before he was ready.

The wind blew fiercely against the house, and a wave of thunder rolled and crashed overhead. Ayesha buried her face in his neck, and in one quick motion he rolled her over onto her back, enjoying the feeling of masculine power it gave him to have her pinned beneath him. She wiggled and moaned, and her cunt seemed to try to devour his cock as she rotated her hips in rhythm with his thrusting.

He pulled her to a sitting position so that she straddled him face to face. He put his hands around her tiny waist and lifted, helping her slide her twat up and down his rock-hard shaft, her firm, round breasts bouncing against his chest. Her nipples were hard and pink, and there were little beads of sweat glistening on them. He bent his head to her chest and began to lick and suck first the right tit, then the left, sending ripples of orgasmic pleasure through her hungry body.

Ayesha clamped down on his tumescent prick and made him feel like he'd explode. Then she lay back, supporting herself with her arms, and began thrusting faster. She was panting and moaning, begging him to take her and fuck her.

Lee leaned forward and pushed her down hard against the bed, his swollen member ready to burst. At last he saw a look of exquisite joy spread across her face and felt the muscles of her twat racing madly to massage his dick. He let himself go, sending steaming cum inside her hole, running down her legs, staining the bed. He jerked back, and the juice that was left in him spurted out, spraying her stomach and breasts, a gleaming drop of it landing on her full, red lips. She put her tongue out, gathered the jism into her mouth and swallowed.

"Oh, Lee" she moaned, reaching for his still-hard cock. "It wants you! It wants you again!"

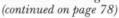
A bolt of lightning flashed across the sky, and for a moment it seemed that the thunder had come crashing right into the house with them. Right into the closet.

"It wants you again, Lee!" Ayesha exclaimed, and he thought he felt something icy and dark run down his spine.

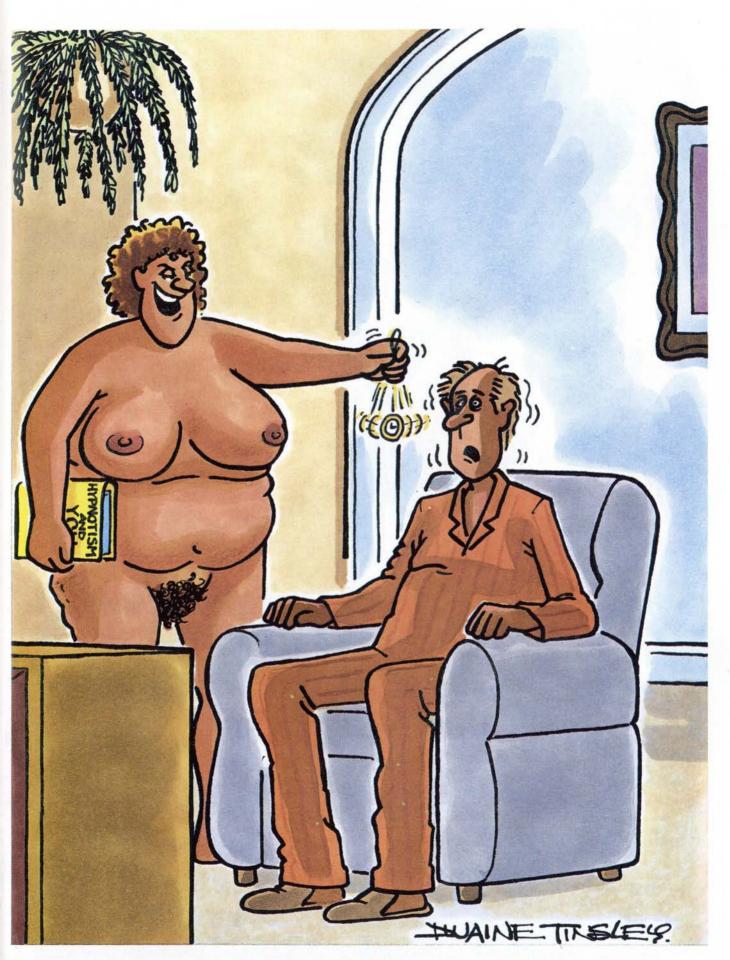
Lee was jolted out of his flashback by the memory of those words, and as the realization hit him, he felt his erection fade. Could this be the connection he was looking for? Had she somehow doomed herself by uttering that phrase? It was undeniable—Ayesha had said those very words to him, and half an hour later she was gone, swallowed up, stolen from him, and he'd been living a nightmare ever since.

At first there had been only silence, so complete and empty that he could hear the rapid beating of his own heart. But that had soon been replaced by the sounds of torrential rain and raging surf, which went on inside his room even when the skies outside were cloudless and still. Then he began to hear the sounds from the closet. Wet, hungry sounds. Sounds that might be made by an enormous, blind slug feeding on something old and rotten.

That had gone on for a solid week, and then he had heard Ayesha calling him. She had called his name, clearly, sadly, although as if she were very far away. He had tried to answer her, but had been unable to make her hear him. Then she had screamed, her voice growing more and more distant, until it finally stopped altogether. He hadn't heard her voice again

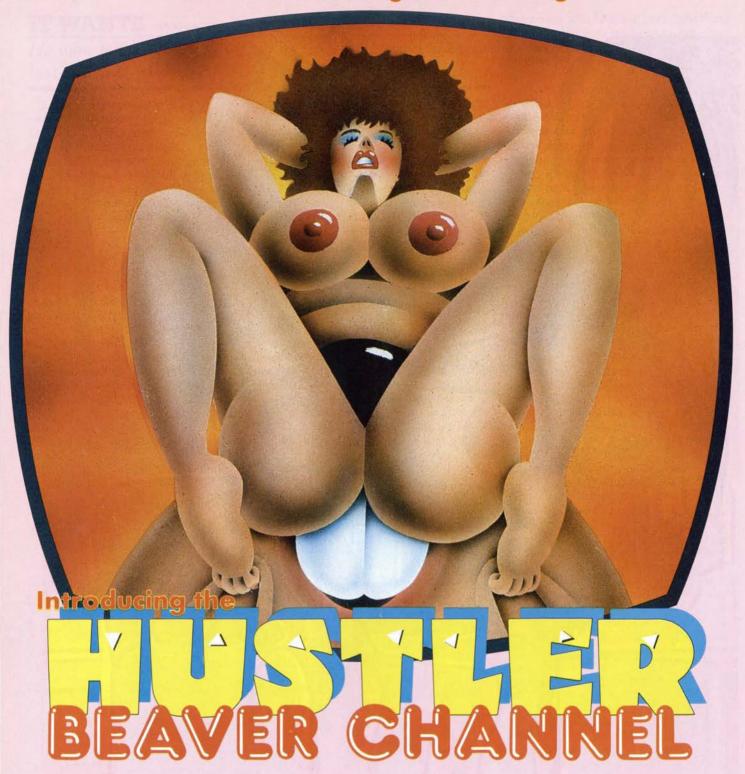






"Sleepy . . . you're getting sleepy . . . now jump me and ravish me, you fool!"

Cable's Most Outrageous Offerings



Humor by Anthony Asermelly

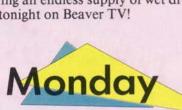
Illustrated by Tom Hachtman

re your television pickin's too slim? Tired of networks and cable systems that promise you sin, sex and all the action you can handle, then give you loud sizzles but nothing pink down the middle? Do you want more than to be left limp and commercially interrupted? Then you and

all red-blooded hard-core boob-&-tube watchers of America are ready for the premiere of HBC!

HUSTLER BEAVER CHANNEL, the best in no-holdsbarred adult cable TV, is coming. Morning, noon and night, HBC puts you right in the middle of the most bizarre, wide-open action anywhere. With HBC you'll pick and choose from old favorites in new positions and from a bevy of original shows to satisfy your wildest fantasies. Plus more erotic movies, sports and specials than you can shake a stiff one at. You'll get an exciting lineup of games you may never have played before and be in on the comings and goings of cable TV's most captivating and stimulating stars. Catch an eyeful of some mating habits National Geographic has totally overlooked. Keep the beat at concerts too hot for MTV. Work out to state-of-the-art sexercises.

Before you think of subscribing to any cable channel, get a taste of HUSTLER BEAVER CHANNEL! You won't want to miss a single red-hot spasm. Wet your appetite on the sample listings that follow-then secure a grip on yourself as HBC swells before your eyes. HUSTLER BEAVER CHAN-NEL is like having an endless supply of wet dreams. Shoot off to the stars tonight on Beaver TV!



GOOD MORNING VAGINA 8 AM

Start the day with dripping cooze. (Close-captioned for the gynecologically impaired.)

CAPTAIN KINKAROO

The red-eved Captain pulls a couple of smiling, dizzy bunny rabbits out of smiling Mr. Green's ieans.

MISTER CROTCHHAIRS' NEIGHBORHOOD 10 AM

MISTER CROTCHHAIRS' Friendly Mr. Crotchhairs molests himself, but lets both a male and a female doll watch. EGHBORHOOD 10 A.M.

TIC-TACKY DILDO

America's most outrageous and washable game show. Host: Georgina Spelvin.

ASS THE WORLD TURNS 12 PM

Having become a liberated poetess, Erika leaves Scott to pilot a Piper Cub alone and rhymes her inner being with a long, thick, vibrating cockpit lever in her bunghole. (This soap opera is based on the film classic "Room at the Rear.")



1 PM FAMOUS ENEMA BLOOPERS

A fleet of celebrities and politicians are caught enjoying high colonics.

2 PM FLAMINGO NADS

A testy foreman is mislaid when the Double Hernia Ranch is inherited by a young cowpoker and his Vaseline-happy niece. . . .

5:30 PM THE UNDERWEAR WORLD OF JOCK COUSKOOS

The riddle of stimulating lint; examples of baby animals adopting lacy bikini briefs as their first playmates; buttocks-hair magnetism and its effects on scoring.

6:30 PM THE HUNG AND THE REST OF US

Christy and Martin attend night school without interrupting their commitment to each other's tumescence; Phillip personifies a homemade penile probe.

7:30 PM SPECIAL

MONS VENERIS, CHARLEY GRAY

Sloopy, the philosophical hound, foils the plot of a crazed New York taxidermist who threatens to mount every bitch in Manhattan.

9 PM MOVIE

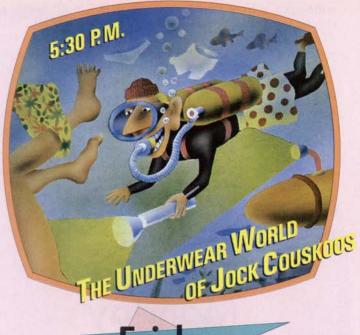
"The Orgy That Time Forgot" (1979)★★★ In a society of the future, Earth is inhabited by strange creatures that are half-human and half-Italian.

11 PM SOMEBODY UP THERE LICKS ME

Boxer in tenth-floor cold-water flat awakens in dark each night to find his lower life succored by moist orifices from 11th floor.

12 AM MIDNIGHT MOVIE (TV PREMIERE)

"Accost the Wide Miss Houri" (1984)★★ Synthia Slutter. Men risk their virility to blaze a slimy trail west from her left love-handle....





9 AM THE BED NEWS BI'S

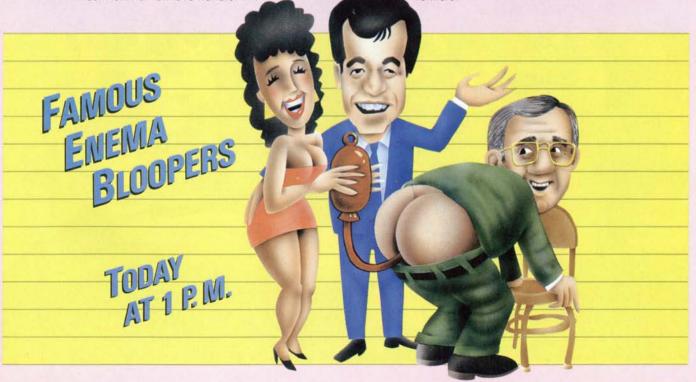
Butchella has doubts about her ability to switch-hit and still produce the long ball.

10 AM RYAN'S GROPE

Not big on plot, this was still voted the Hottest Daytime Soap for the Genitalia-Oriented Geriatric....

2 PM MOVIE MATINEE

"For the Lust of Binji" (1985)★ In this modernization of "The Ass-Fouled Jungle" a homeless donkey who has daily escapades with two nymphets finds a home after masterminding the rescue of his young friends from gun, whiskey and enema-bag runners.



3 PM THE INFLATABLE HULK

Bunion conceals his identity from a cute Jewish yodeler working her way to Carnegie Hall, while they use his "fitting in problem" to reach new yodelnotes.

4:30 PM THE TIGHT TWAT ZONE

Travel in a dimension more snug-fitting than real time can ever be.

5 PM BALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

Dr. Puddley examines a sultry though sulking walrus to help discover a position they'll find equally exciting. . . .

8 PM THE LONG HOT RUBBER

A team of stunt experts attempts a daring rescue of a submerged Trojan that may explode at any moment.



8:30 PM NOVA!!!!!

Scientists from the National Severe Orgasm Laboratory chase down wads shot in a No-Tel Motel outside Pahrump, Nevada.

9 PM FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

"Bedtime for Lesbos" (1978)★★★ Stella Sauerbutz. A tough-talking hotel maid grooms a band of convicted muff-divers into a top-notch probing unit assigned to a secret emission behind short dark spongy enemy curls. . . .



8 AM DR. JEUSS DOUBLE FEATURE

"The Lips in My Lap" and "The Geek Who Stole Syphilis."...

12:30 PM AMERICAN WHAMBAMSTAND

Scheduled performers: Tears for Tits, Lumpy Bondage, Drooling Fuzz of Luv, the Loobs, Simple Wangs Aglow.



2 PM MOVIE MATINEE

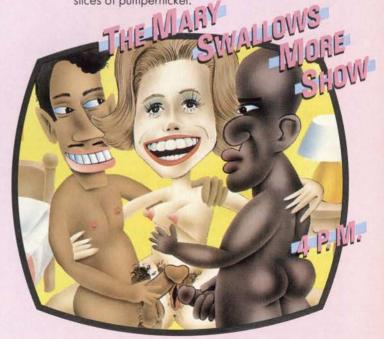
"Coal Miners Caught Her" (1983)★★★ Spacey Sixpak. The mouth of country-and-western singer Lulu Lawdlettup opens the way to Shaft No. 1.

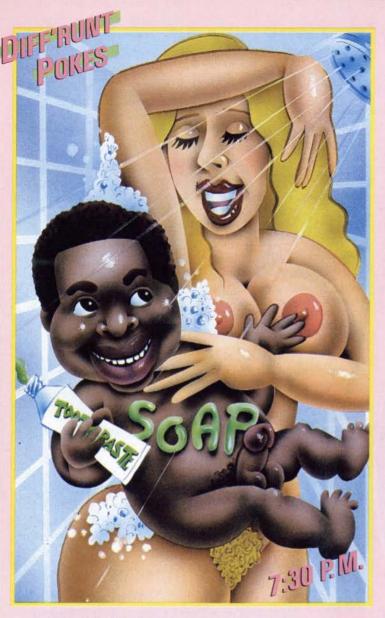
3 PM AWESOME CLITTY LIMITS

Jerk off to rockabilly music.

4 PM THE MARY SWALLOWS MORE SHOW

Mary talks an innocent photographer into taking pix of a "super-sexy sandwich" in which she plays a piece of Gouda, and Fernando and Spike play slices of pumpernickel.





8 PM 8 TEAM

B. S. enters Colleen O'Vareese, a leprechaun who needs protection from a dirty old man seeking her pot of goldilocks.

9 PM HIPP STREET BLUES

Furidildo risks shortening his nightstick by trying to obtain evidence on Mousercize nudists; Goldbunns protests a neo-Nazi delicatessen that puts mayonnaise on pastrami sandwiches.

10 PM BLESS THE BEASTS AND THE K-Y JELLY

Rites of passage for naive buffalo camping in a herd of horny boys practicing rites of puberty.

11 PM NEWS

The chesty Connie Lung delivers up-to-the-minute news while she's fucked silly by HBC's kinky weatherman, Uncle Leatherby.

12 AM SATURDAY LATE NIGHT LIVE

This week's host, Hardy Latherman, travels to French Lick, Indiana, to watch the making of a special commemorative deviate. Impromptu studio skit: "Journey to the Center of a Pervert." Rock band: Pap Test and the Smears.

IAM LATE-NIGHT MOVIE

"The Smaltese Hard-on" (1983) ****/2 Private dick Sam Negro is hired by an oversexed and overweight lesbian to find Cleopatra's strap-on dildo. (Closely captioned for the circumcised.)...



10 AM LITTLE PINK ON THE PRAIRIE

Paw Inseams meets a flirtatious and shapely traveler at the stagecoach depot and howls the night away with his manhood hidden in her pelt.

11 AM ONANZA

Holy shit! No one can make Hossy vacate the outhouse.

12 PM SPORTS SPECIAL

Autoerotic Funny Car Showdown. (Featured: crash and cum.)

2 PM MOVIE

"Lost in Spacious Mitzi" (1984)**** Rex Wigglecobb and Woopsi Stainberg. When X-Tend-O, the anatomically superior robot, interfaces with Mitzi, he learns that one blown fuse deserves another. . . .

5 PM PUNKY BREWSSER

As a result of Halloween pranks, Punky and a motorcycle gang become sweaty, blemished and deviant for life.

7 PM STRIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR LOSE IT

An expensive callgirl becomes attracted to Scooty, an old, timid school janitor who's been splashed with water from a radioactive boys' urinal.

7:30 PM DIFF'RUNT POKES

Arnold saves his distressed dad some money by showering under his teenage stepsister and letting her use him as soap.

8 PM NATIONAL VULVA

Mistress of an emotionally retarded Kentucky Derby-winning horse is torn between loyalty to her hayseed stallion and the chance at international stud-hopping in the bedrooms and stables of the world's richest men.

9PM SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE

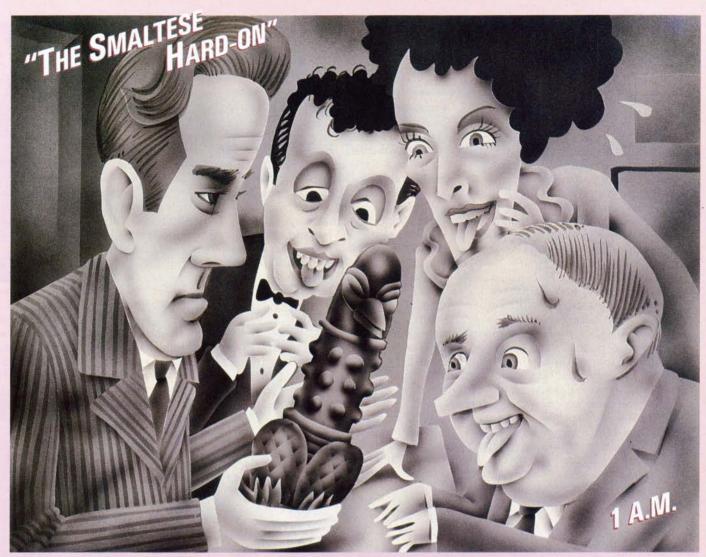
"Bedknobs, Broomsticks and Broken Hymens" (1983) ★★★ Agnes Longpye and Ruddy McLickham. Fantasy about lubricated furniture and a girl's magic places.

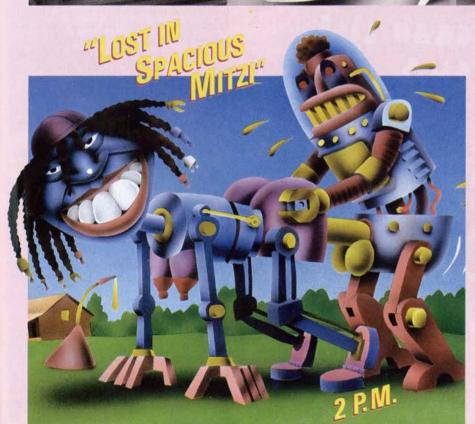
11 PM NEWS

60 more minutes of lascivious Connie Lung.

12 PM THE GALLOPING CUNNILINGUIST

An all-star salute to celebrity head. Teams to be aroused.





COMING

HUSTLER BEAVER CHANNEL also plans to offer other prime-time specials and scorching movies. Here's a sneak preview of some: "Lorrel and Hard-on Jitterbug a Muff," "The Wizz of Ah-Ah-Ahs," "A Clockworked Orifice," "The Seven-Inch Itch," "Two Mules on Sister Sado" (starring Clint Eatswool and Slurpy MacLaid), "Clamp of the Tight-ass," "Holiday in Baby Oil," "Desperately Sleazy Suzanne," "The French Erection Connection," "The Jizz Flinger," "Pete's Draggin' " and Warren Beattit, Jamie Lee Scurtlis and Marylou Rutton in "Night of the Living Bed." Plus "Matmasters," in which male and female wrestlers explode with body-slams galore. Marvel at Tex Schlong, busty Betsy Baer and the 475-pound "Macon Madman," Miles Matum, the world's favorite fiery, breeding monster. And in concert that extraordinary rock group Giving Head, called "wonderfully rank, deeply gross, with eloquent suction." A must-see, mustfeel, must-ejaculate experience! Enjoy!!!

He took a step toward the beckoning doorway and was rewarded with the sound of perverse, evil laughter.

until last night, in his dream. Oh, yes. His terrifying, prophetic dream.

As he lay in bed, the room filled with a wonderful smoke that seemed to be alive. It curled around the ceiling, weaving multicolored patterns over his head and around his weightless body. The sweet smell of opium permeated the room, and he began to see pictures in the smoke. Pictures that came alive when he looked at them.

He slowly got out of bed, naked and warm, and took a deep breath of the smoke. His cock stood at attention, three times the size it had ever been in his waking life, and his body was now bronzed and muscular, powerful and young. He unashamedly fondled the swollen shaft of his penis as he stared at his image in the mirror, unable to believe what he was seeing, but somehow knowing that it was true. He stood at least 6-6 now, and his bulging muscles were ideally proportioned. The gold medallion hung majestically around his powerful neck. He looked godlike. Perfect. Immortal.

Out of the thickening haze Lee heard

Ayesha calling his name. Turning toward the closet, which now appeared to be an open archway, he began to walk forward. From the other side he could hear something like a waterfall-or rain pattering gently onto a lake. Light from the archway warmed him, making his body tingle and pulse. He was overcome by an undeniable, desperate sexual hunger.

Feeling something hot and wet on his cock, he realized that Ayesha was sucking him off. He closed his eyes and felt her tongue and lips massaging his throbbing tool, his balls cupped in the palm of her gentle but firm hand. When he could stand no more, he looked down. A scream erupted from his throat as he unleashed a massive load of cum all over her now-hideous face.

It was obvious that she had been dead for quite some time. She looked up at him with her corpse's eyes and laughed a brittle, dry laugh. "Come to me, Lee," she cackled. "It wants you! It wants you again!" She reached up toward his neck with her bony hands, and he felt her grabbing hold of the chain, pulling his face down to hers. "It wants!" she mut-

tered again before he threw her to the ground.

He turned to run back to the archway, but it was gone. Staring madly into the smoke, his body shrunk, the medallion growing heavier and heavier with each second. Something made an awful, wet swallowing sound behind him, and he heard Ayesha's voice one last time before he woke up.

"Save me, Lee!" she begged. Her voice was gentle and alive again, but he couldn't bring himself to turn and look at her face. A second later he again heard that grotesquely inhuman slurping, and she fell silent.

He woke up screaming.

Lee was making ready to confront his enemy. He looked around the room again, still hoping against hope that he would wake up-that it had all been a dream within a dream. He knew that was impossible. He couldn't have imagined Ayesha-he wasn't that inventive. Besides, he was still wearing the medallion, and he felt that it somehow formed a bond between them. As long as he kept that chain around his neck, there was hope of bringing her back.

Noticing the familiar sound of rain falling on the roof, he went to the window. This time it really was raining. The surf was coming in a lot higher than normaljust like the night they'd met, just like the night she'd vanished into the hurricane in the closet.

Now the wind howled against the house, and minutes later came a blinding flash of lightning. The walls shook with the instantaneous clap of thunder, and the closet door flew open. Lee stood naked, as he had in the dream, and clutched the jewel-studded necklace in

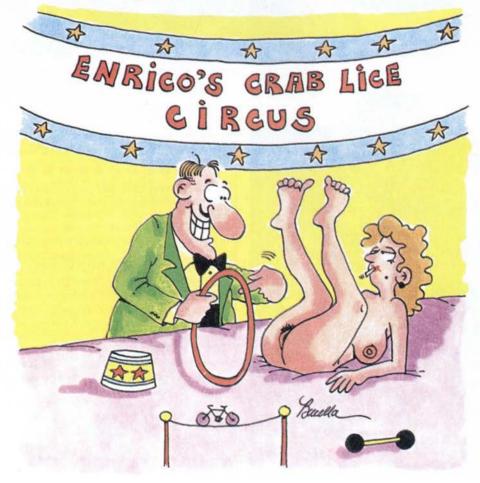
"Ayesha!" he screamed into the cavernous darkness. "Ayesha, where are you? I'm coming for you!"

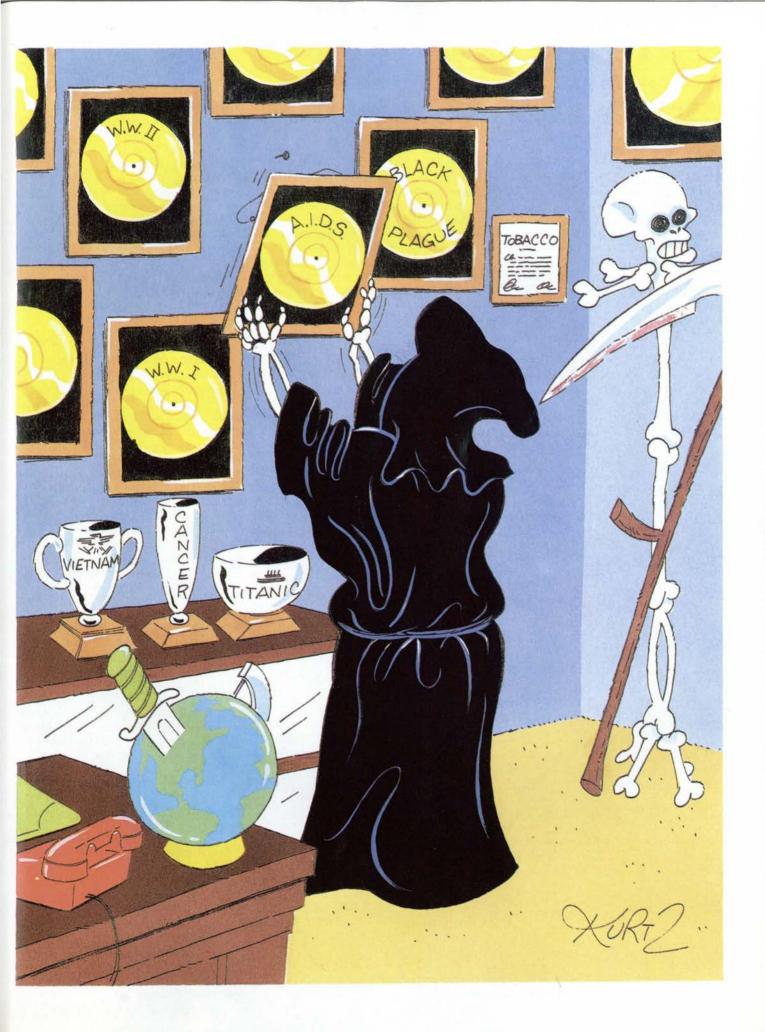
He took a step toward the beckoning doorway and was rewarded with the sound of perverse, evil laughter, taunting him, challenging him, followed by the tormented sound of Ayesha's pleading.

"Lee, where are you? I can't find you, Lee! I want you!" Ayesha's voice seemed to float above the raging of the storm, drifting to him on the wisps of smoke emerging from the closet. He could smell the familiar odor of burning opium and began to feel lightheaded and sleepy.

"Hurry, Lee," her voice urged. "Time is running out . . . I can't see you anywhere....

Lee braced himself against the wind that raged inside the small room. The air seemed alive with electricity, and suddenly the door before him filled with golden (continued on page 90)





All of a sudden, Sally begins to shiver. Years of pent-up longings let go, and she feels weak.

looks and how alike they are. And what did she mean by the remark about living like a nun? Was it a hint that she wanted to make a change? Was it innocent small talk or an invitation for him to make his move?

The next afternoon Sally wears a skirt to work. Except when she'd posed as a prostitute, Robinson had never seen her in one. She looks wonderful. Her skirt is cut well above the knee, and Robinson quietly occupies himself as he tries to catch a glimpse of Sally's lacy white panties as she crosses and uncrosses her stockingless legs.

And just as the pressure in his jeans becomes almost too much to bear, fate lends a hand. A fuse blows, and all the monitors go dark. Sally is up in an instant, leaning over the console in an attempt to remedy the situation. As she checks each fuse, Robinson sits spellbound. Sally's skirt is no longer concealing anything, giving her horny partner a crystal-clear view of her panties and the dark pubes peeking out. Robinson can't contain himself. Before he realizes what he is doing, his hand is sliding under her panties and

cupping her ass.

Sally freezes like a statue. She doesn't utter a word. She doesn't move. As Robinson's palm brushes her inner thigh, she relaxes and lets her legs spread apart, giving him better access to her now very wet vagina. Noticing the move, he quickly slides a finger into her hot cavern.

All of a sudden, Sally begins to shiver. Years of pent-up longings let go, and she feels weak. It has been more than three years since a man has touched her there, and her last few attempts had ended in disaster. Will this be any different? Maybe she should stop him. But she can't.

Robinson stands behind her or, rather, bent over her, since the roof of the van is much too low to actually stand. He pulls up her skirt and slides her panties down. His stiff penis presses against her opening, and she lets out a startled cry as he begins to insert it.

She has forgotten that fantastic feeling a woman gets just at the point of penetration. A mixture of pain and pleasure courses through her entire body like never before, and she wants it to last forever. She is stretched open to the limits by his organ, which fills her completely. It's as if she were losing her virginity all over again.

Soon Robinson's finger finds her clit, and Sally sees fireworks. Totally consumed, she loses control of her bladder and sprays warm piss all over her partner's legs, and wave after wave convulses her body. Then she collapses across the console.

A minute or so later Robinson ejaculates inside her, shooting his load far up into her womb. Sally closes her eyes, savoring the feel of his penis until it finally slips out. Neither of them say a word as they clean themselves up, straighten their clothing and prepare for their relief team. Each wonders, What now?

An hour later Stan Robinson and Sally George are in bed at her apartment, taking up where they'd left off.

THE COP AND THE STAR

Every time Rita comes to town, she calls Gary Graves. Rita is a white television star. Graves is a black motorcycle cop. While she's in town, Graves goes everywhere with Rita, acting as her bodyguard. It's his job to protect her, and protect her he does. Recently, when a psycho took a shot at her, Officer Graves tackled and disarmed the assailant without regard for his own personal safety.

But what happens after the doors are closed and the shades are pulled is something Rita's audience would never understand. You see, on TV she plays a lilywhite wife and mother who'd never even think of taking her clothes off with the light on. Her fans would never understand that she craves big, black cocks—including her local bodyguard's.

When Rita gets hold of a black stud, she just won't let go. She likes to wrap her perfect white-woman lips around his cock and suck it for hours, and her most erotic feelings are those she experiences when she looks down and sees a huge black erection imbedded in her blond snatch. It stretches her to the limit and makes her feel fulfilled and complete.

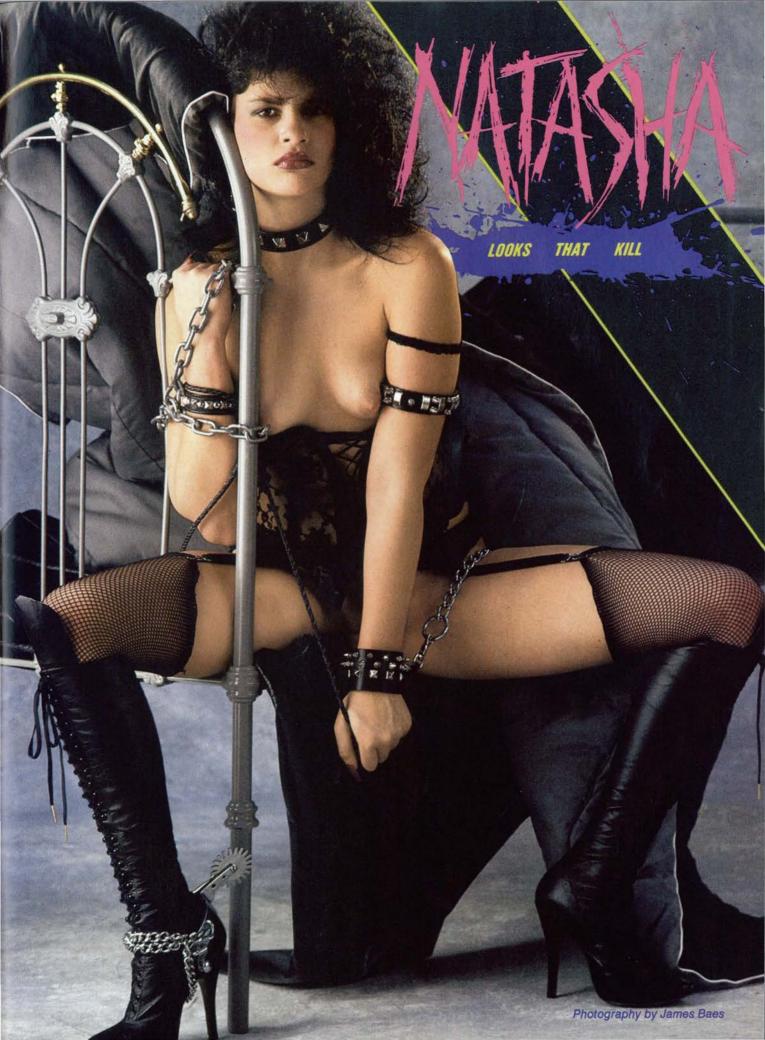
White men just don't do it for her. In fact, she's never had an orgasm with a white man. These are very strange circumstances for a girl who was raised by a strict Southern family. Why, her father would kill her if he knew.

So the actress only makes it with men she can trust. She trusts Graves and, when she leaves town, she is well-fucked. And besides getting a great piece of celebrity ass, Officer Gary Graves gets union scale, \$22 an hour.

Author J. R. Nelson is a former police officer. The incidents are true, but all personal names have been changed to protect the privacy of the individuals involved.



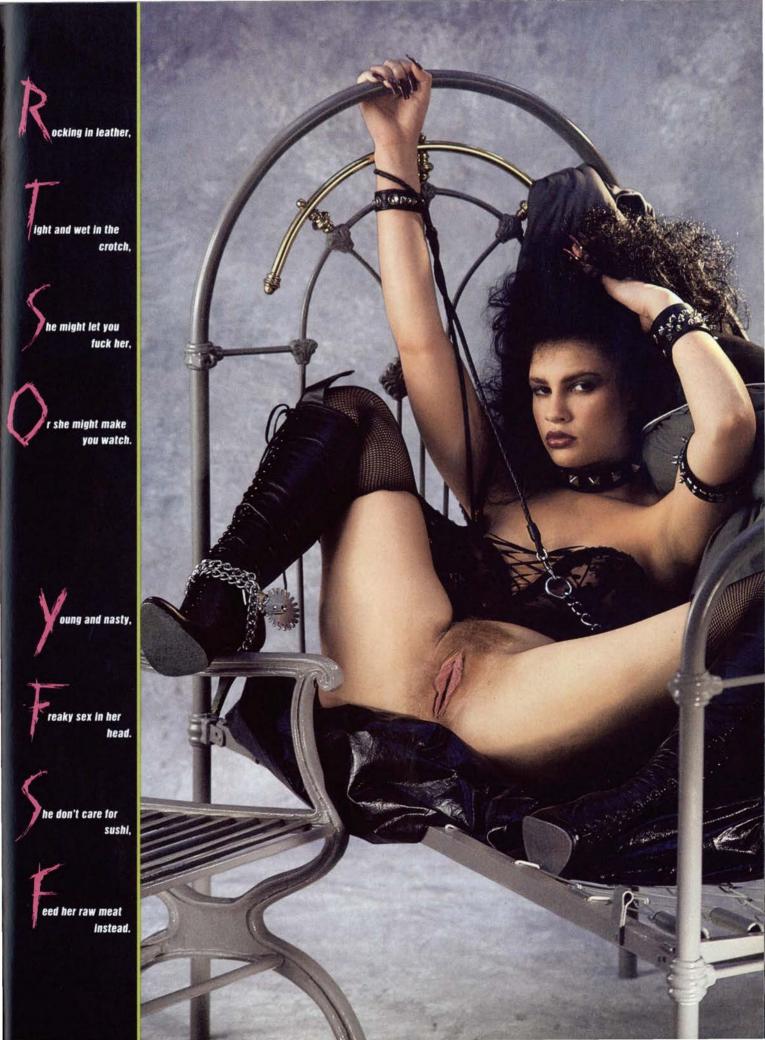
"Of course, I can't get it up. It died when you refused to give it mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."











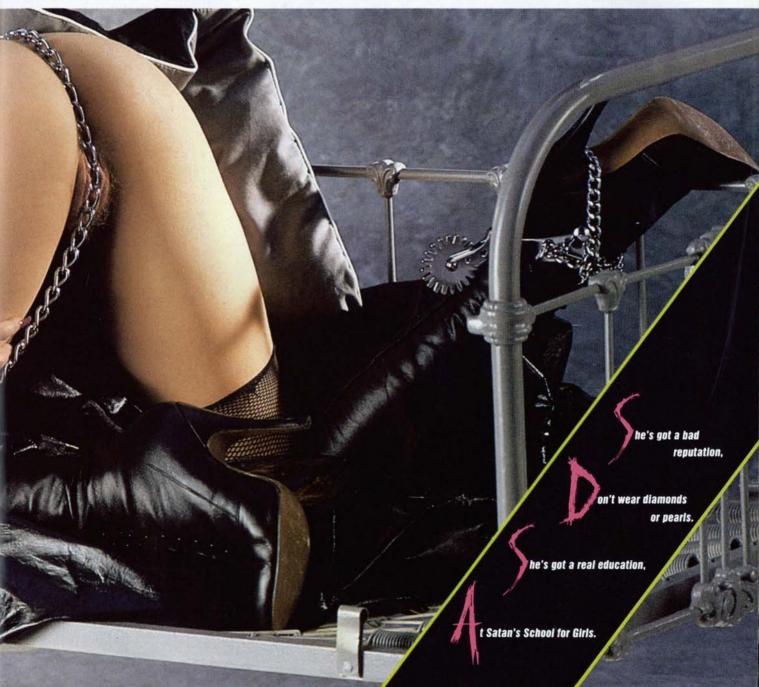








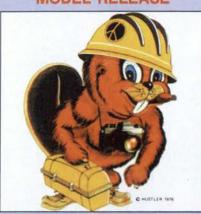








HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 91. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name Name to Be Published

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City

State

Zip

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

IT WANTS

(continued from page 78)

light, revealing the archway he had seen in his dream. A glowing flight of stairs led up into the light, and at the top, Ayesha stood silhouetted against a background of yellow smoke.

"Ayesha! Ayesha, I'm here! I'm right here!"

"Hurry, Lee! I can't wait any longer!"
Something like a monstrous worm was
moving behind her, and as he watched,
the light changed in color to a luminescent green, matching the green of Ayesha's hypnotic eyes. As the medallion
grew heavier around his neck, Lee struggled to move forward to rescue his
beloved.

"Ayesha, behind you . . . there's something . . . behind—!"

The disgusting, pinkish-gray demon had risen up and was about to descend on her. She took two stumbling steps toward Lee, and the thing slithered after her. Lee tried to run, but the weight of the medallion was too much. It had begun to emit a dull heat, and his eyes were filled with tears from the thick smoke. The thing was right on top of her.

"Lee! O God, Lee, help me, please!"

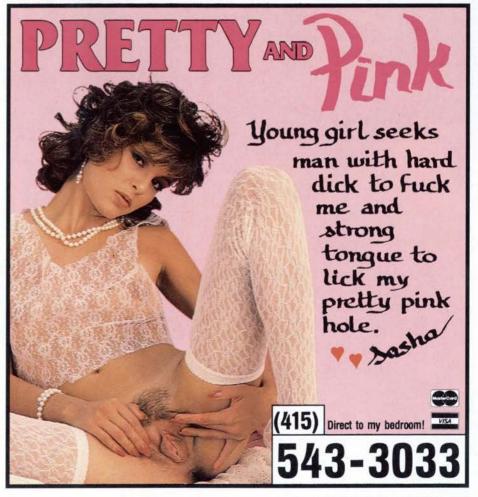
In an extreme effort of will he took hold of the golden chain and pulled it over his head. As he did so, it became searingly hot, leaving his hands scorched and blistered. He threw it as hard as he could at the hideous blob and raced up the stairs to where Ayesha stood. Smoke swirled around his head, and he dared not look up until he reached the top for fear of what he might see. The beast almost had her, and he prayed that he wasn't too late.

At last he lunged onto the landing and looked up. The beast was there. So was Ayesha. When he saw the look of conquest in her eyes, the evil, demented smile on her face, he knew he'd been betrayed. "I'm glad you're here, Lee," she hissed. "I've missed you."

The huge slug-penis-thing made a satisfied grunting sound and nuzzled against Ayesha's nude, perspiring body, grotesquely sniffing out her cunt. She put her arm around the demon's "neck," and Lee saw that It had only one enormous, green eye. "It's been wanting that pretty necklace back, Lee."

Lee Montgomery felt like he was about to vomit and closed his eyes. With a deep sense of horror he felt her clawlike hands fondling his dick. "It wants me, Lee," she laughed, "and I want you."

He felt something hot and wet on his crotch, and knowing what he would see if he opened his eyes, he kept them shut and screamed-very loudly and very, very desperately, forever.



Beaver Ahunt Brunt

If you've been meaning to enter Beaver Hunt, but just haven't gotten your ass in gear, do it now! We can't wait for those snapshots of your favorite muffs. The lucky ladies whose pictures are printed will receive \$100 and a chance to be selected for an extended

photo-feature worth \$1,000. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 90, or a facsimile, and fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the 100 bucks.

Photo by Husband

Lacey, 25, is a Boise, Idaho, saleswoman who likes stock-car racing and "indoor sports." This appearance in HUSTLER has made her sexual fantasy come true.



Alexandria, Indiana's Sherry, 40, is a secretary who loves water sports-waterskiing and boating. Her Beaver Hunt appearance is one dream come true. Her other is to be in an X-rated movie. Any producers out there?

Twenty-five-year-old Candy hails from Citrus Heights, California, where she works as an office manager. She likes to spend her spare time in the outdoors, waterskiing and camping. Her ambitious sexual dream is to make it with four guys and another gal.



Sensual Sue is a 25-year-old machine operator from Lynn, Massachusetts, whose passions are music, photography and Harley-Davidsons. She fantasizes about a threesome with her husband and another woman.

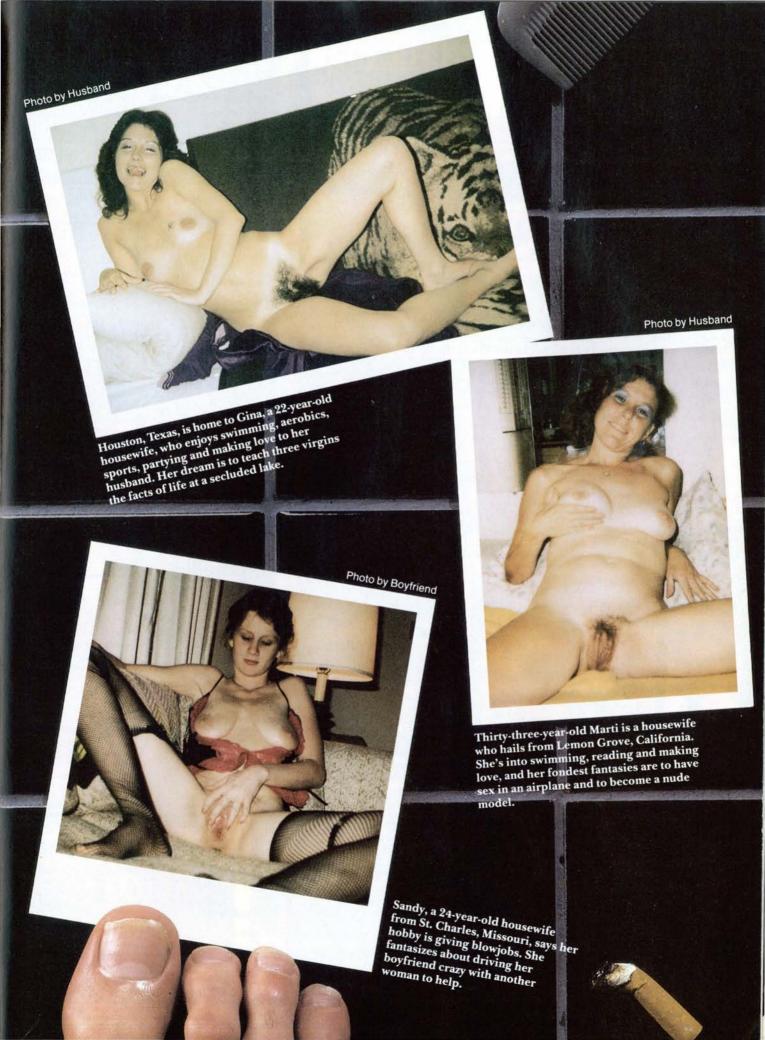
Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband

Rusty, 23, is a receptionist from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who likes sleeping, drawing, sports and reading. How's this for a fantasy? Rusty dreams of having passionate sex under a table at a restaurant.







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SEE REVIEW THIS ISSUE, PAGE 24





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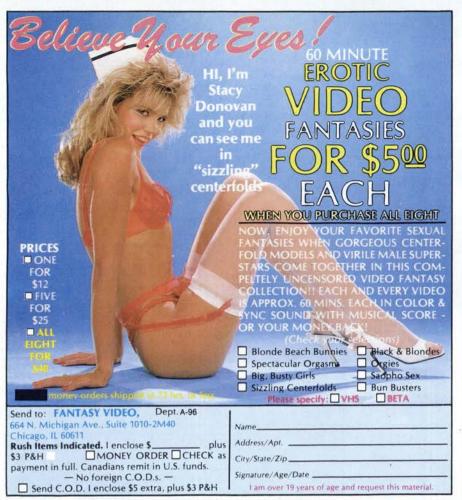
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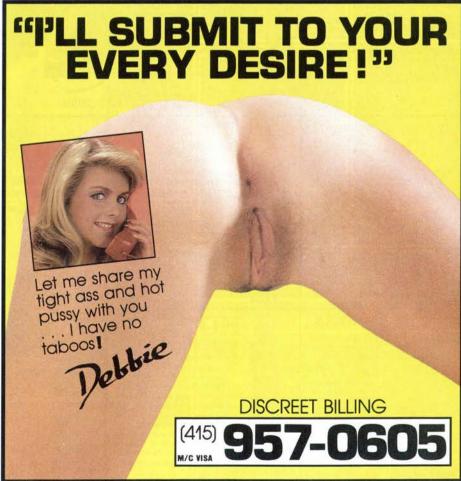
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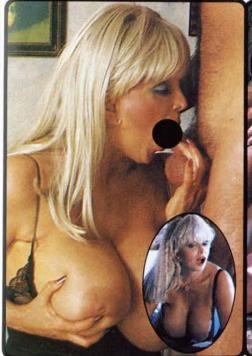
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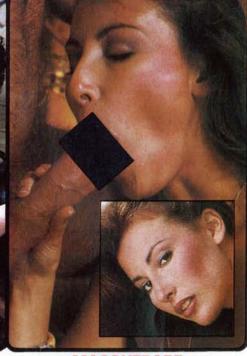






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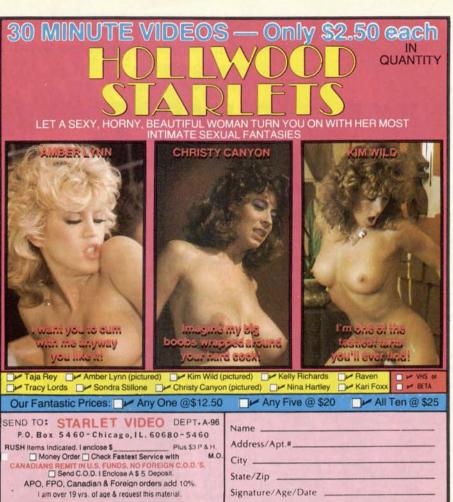
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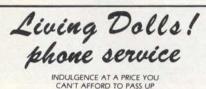
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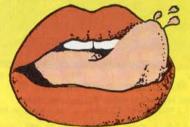


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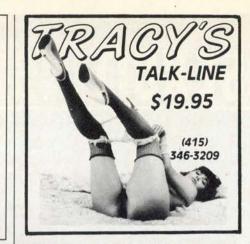
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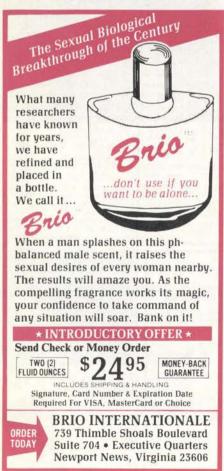
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NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

October issue on sale August 19, 1986



THE MAIN ATTRACTION

As summer cools into fall, HUSTLER brings you a bevy of beauties to warm your nights. A gorgeous Greek goddess has a wild time in Palm Springs. Then meet our stunning centerfold, a luscious island girl. Don't miss the photo-spread by Suze Randall on the upcoming feature film *Lust on the Orient Xpress*. Finally, two flower children of the '80s get down for a psychedelic lesbian trip.

NUCLEAR-PLANT CAPTOR

John Hobson, head of Hobson's Security Specialists, does the sort of work most men only see in the movies. He and his sharpshooters, martial-art experts and general hell-raisers, who saved the life of a kidnapped American executive overseas, took over U.S. nuclear power plants to show it could be done. Author Brad Steiger provides the details in his profile *John Hobson: The Terror Within*.



Dr. Timothy Leary is back, and his essay *Operation Sex Change* is a witty look at sexuality in America. Through interviews with a cross-section of society, Leary questions whether there is a new puritan ethic in this country. Is free love a thing of the past? Or are folks fucking as much as ever, but talking about it less?



CARNY COOZE

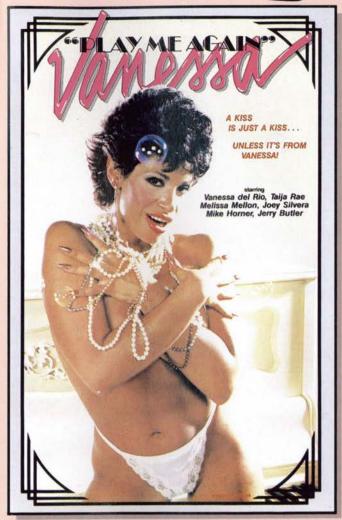
Two small-town kids are looking for laughs at the carnival. Neither knows what awaits them in the tent at the edge of the field. Their encounter with a stripper and some oversexed men is one they won't forget in *Tent Show*, gripping erotic fiction by Walt Johnson.



Controversial opinions in *Feedback*, red-hot reader experiences in *Hot Letters*, outrageous humor and photos from *Bits and Pieces*, *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment* with the best X-rated reviews around, and foxy amateur nude muffs in *Beaver Hunt* make the October '86 HUSTLER the hottest way to fall into autumn.







PLAY ME AGAIN, VANESSA: A kiss is just a kiss . . . unless it's from Vanessa! Coming in October!



oo much sex can be good for you — and VCA PICTURES' two new October releases, BEYOND DESIRE and PLAY ME AGAIN, VANESSA, are both bursting with sex. So if you appreciate too much of a good thing, indulge yourself in these scorching full-length features on videocassette! Only

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